Our Newest Weapon: Food

Photo Contest Winners

Saturday Review

November 13, 1976

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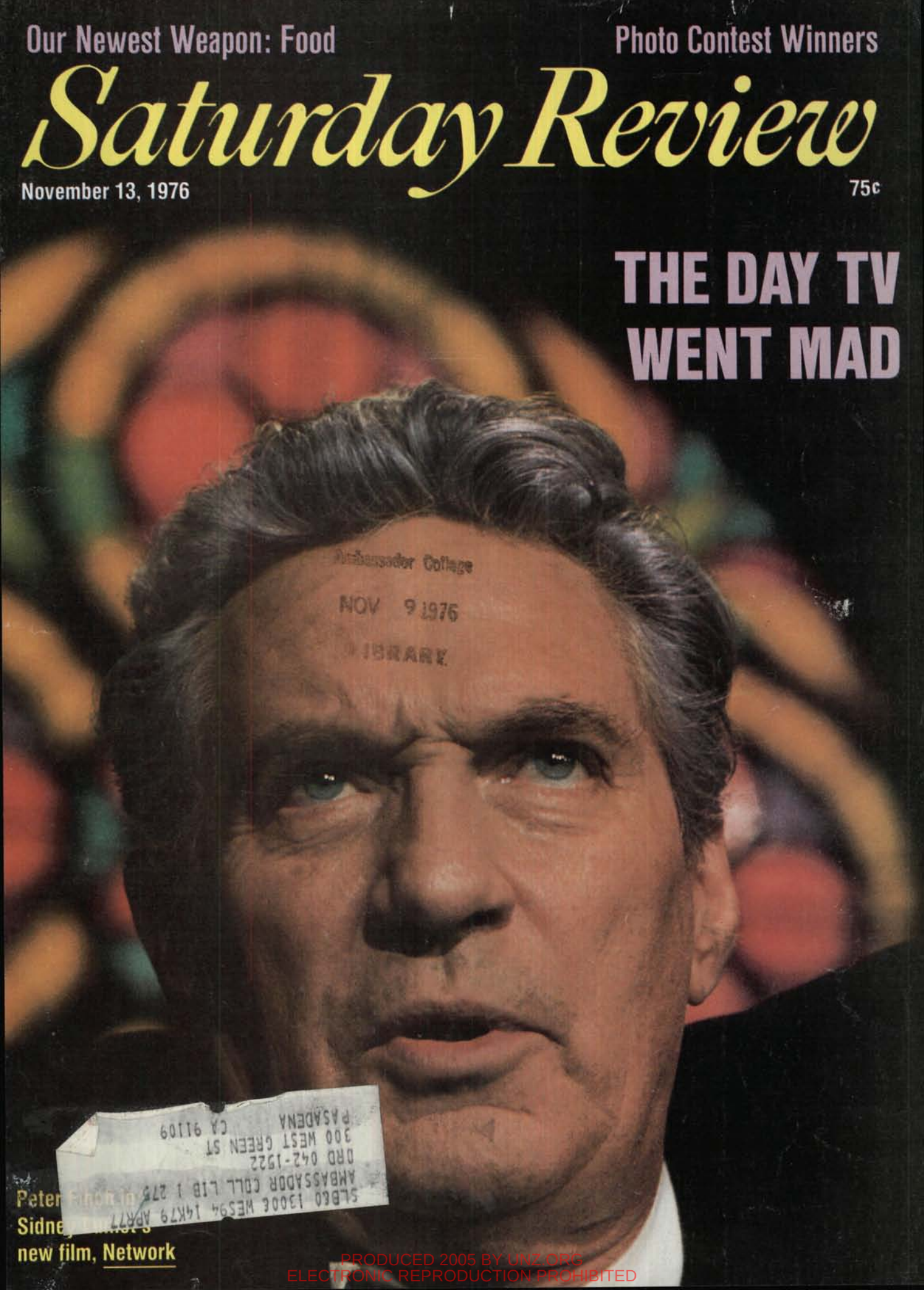

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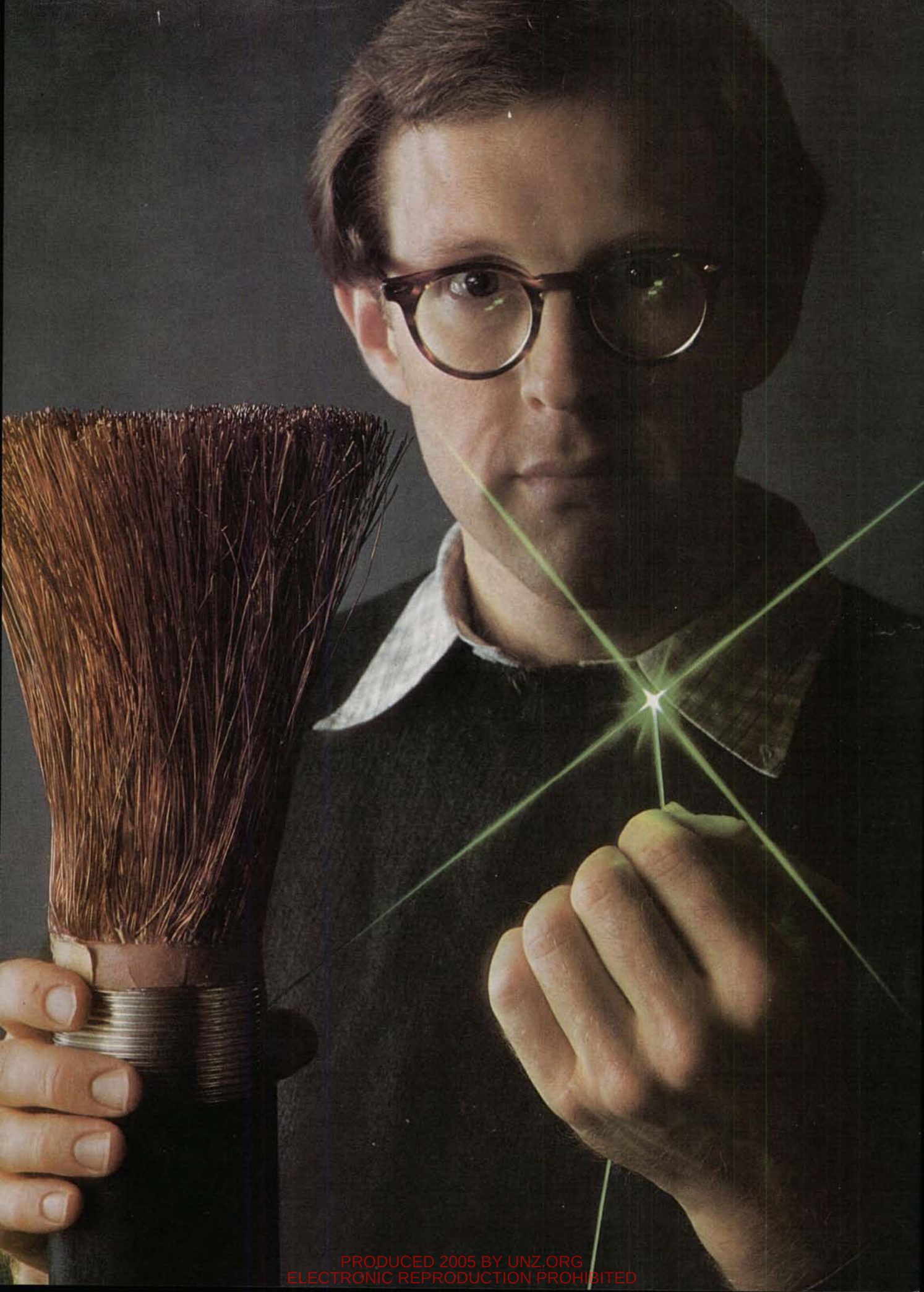

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Saturday Review November 13, 1976

4 **Editor's Page** by N.C.

5 **Letters from Readers**

Our Newest Weapon: Food — Special Report

7 **American Agripower and the Future of a Hungry World** by Dan Morgan
Lessons in the misuse of a monopoly

14 **OPEC Welshes on a Promise** by William Steif *The hassle over quotas*

16 **Planning for Old Mother Hubbard** by Anthony Wolff *Cracks in the cornucopia*

20 **Weathering the Lean Years** by Robert Claiborne *Man versus climate*

Books

25 **Genius and Lust: A Journey Through the Major Writings of Henry Miller** by Norman Mailer
Reviewed by John W. Aldridge

28 **Of Woman Born: Motherhood as Experience and Institution** by Adrienne Rich
Reviewed by Jill Tweedie

38 **The Black Family in Slavery and Freedom, 1750–1925** by Herbert G. Gutman
Reviewed by Anthony Astrachan

40 **The Adventure of Birds** by Charlton Ogburn Reviewed by Walter Arnold

40 **Books in Brief**

42 **Trade Winds** by William Cole

The Arts

34 **World Travel Photography Contest: A Gallery of Winners**

43 **Artsletter** by Roland Gelatt *American Ballet Theatre loses a home*

44 **The Day TV Went Mad** by Judith Crist *"Network"—the tube on screen*

45 **Paddy Chayefsky Speaks Out** by Susan Horowitz *On writing for television and film*

48 **Young Old "Porgy," New Young Pianist** by Irving Kolodin
Gershwin's perennial in splendid bloom

50 **An Actor Finds Nijinsky** by Walter Terry *Triumph for a non-dancer*

51 **This Year, Britain; Tomorrow, the World?** by Karl E. Meyer
Thames Television displays its wares

52 **Recordings** by Irving Kolodin *Classics and pops, recent and choice*

Travel

53 **Peachy Preserves** by Horace Sutton *Newport,* fin de siècle, *colonial and current*

Features

56 **World Progress Report** by Anthony Wolff

57 **Top of My Head** by Goodman Ace

58 **Manner of Speaking** by John Ciardi

59 **Light Refractions** by Thomas H. Middleton

26 **Wit Twister No. 84** 31 **Literary Crypt No. 71** 64 **Double-Crostic No. 111**

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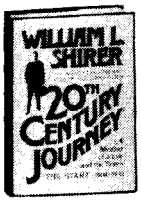

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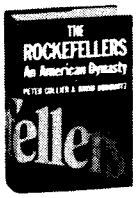

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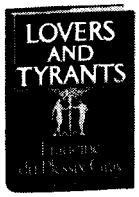

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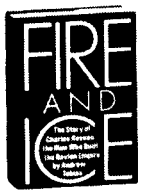

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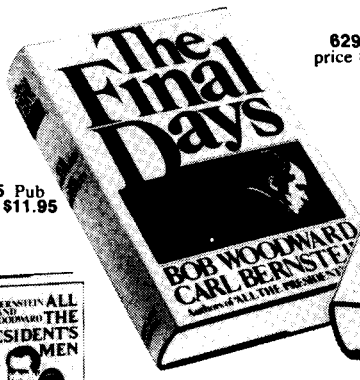

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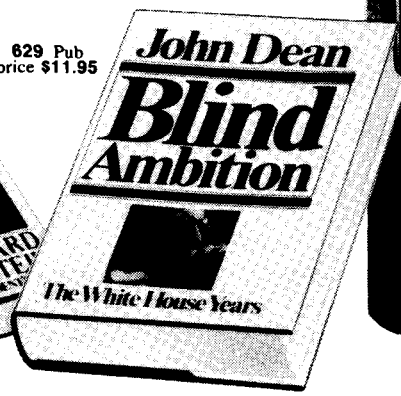

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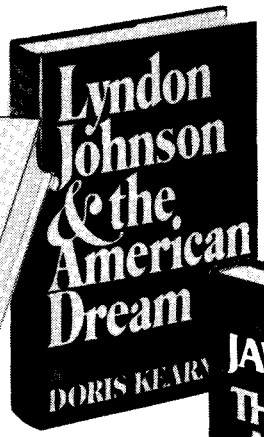

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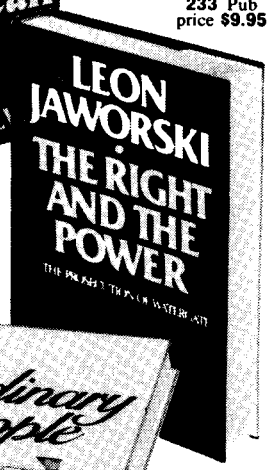

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TV and the Presidency

"No amount of TV makeup can change the way a man's eyes move, or the way his lips are drawn under surges of animus or temper."

THE most serious criticism made of the presidential television debates was that they were not a valid test of the issues. It was said that the experts stuffed the candidates at the last minute with facts and opinions as though they were preparing turkeys the day before the kill. The fare they served the voters, these critics said, was no more nourishing than some of the highly processed foods so artfully heralded on TV.

The trouble with this line of reasoning is that there is nothing wrong in judging candidates by the experts they keep. No single President or presidential candidate in the twentieth century, with the exception of Woodrow Wilson, has felt comfortable about making a public statement without leaning on writers and experts. What, after all, is a President's cabinet if not a collection of persons who are supposed to know more than the President in the particular fields to which they are assigned?

A President must stand on the material he accepts and uses as his own. If he doesn't know his facts from his assistants, then the voters are entitled to make the appropriate judgments. Conversely, if a candidate is wise enough to choose authorities who can steer him on to policies that serve both the national and the human interest, he has a legitimate reason for asking the voters to send him to, or keep him in, the White House.

The presidency of the United States is probably the most complex job on earth. Each government department is more than a bureaucracy; it is a collection of bureaucracies. The President cannot manage them all. The most he can reasonably be expected to do is to fashion intelligent policies and to select persons of competence and integrity to implement those policies. The presidential debates provide genuine clues to a candidate's abilities in these respects. If he is unable to keep on top of the information given him by the experts, there is a fair probability he will be unable to orchestrate the far greater number of details and recommendations that would routinely come before him as President.

Another serious criticism made of the debates was that they were all show and no substance, lending themselves too easily to theatrical tricks and techniques. It was contended that the debates were master-minded by advertising-agency specialists who were primarily concerned with gloss, floss, and show biz. Here, too, the arguments thin out very fast. No amount of TV makeup can change the way a man's eyes move, or the way his lips are drawn under surges of animus or temper. When the camera burrows into a man's face, the fact that some wrinkles may be covered up by pancake makeup is not so important as the visibility of the emotions that come to the surface. The strength c the TV debates derives less from what is hidde than from what is impossible to conceal.

A related argument about the TV debates is tha the voters are unduly influenced by a pretty-bo face or a mellifluous voice. The answer to this fea is that long before television most of the presider tial candidates looked as though they were cast fo the part. A gallery of pre-television twentieth-cer tury American Presidents and presidential candi dates would include such impressive-looking figure as Theodore Roosevelt, Charles Evans Hughe Woodrow Wilson, Warren G. Harding, John W Davis, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Wendell Willki —all of whom looked as though they were selecte by a Hollywood director.

In any event, none of the arguments against th TV debates is likely to be persuasive. The America people have made up their minds that the TV de bates are going to be an integral part of futur presidential campaigns. Everything will probabl be subordinated to these debates. The kinks eviden in this year's debates will be eliminated. The de bates will be sharpened and speeded up. Question will be shorter. So will the answers. There will b more direct exchanges between the candidates.

THE presidential television de bates represent a profound service to the America people. It is difficult, in fact, to think of any othe single development in recent years that has don more to revitalize the Democratic process. Th League of Women Voters and the William Bento Foundation deserve the thanks of all America voters for making the debates possible. The Leagu first sponsored debates during the presidential pri maries of 1952. The two major candidates of tha election—Adlai Stevenson and Dwight Eisenhowe —did not participate in those primaries and so wer not involved in the debates. The big breakthroug came in 1960, when the networks themselves prc vided time for the Kennedy-Nixon exchanges.

There was a hiatus in the TV debates from 196 to 1976. A major initiative toward institutionalizin the debates came in 1975, when Charles Bentor president of the William Benton Foundation, ad vanced the idea of presidential debates on publi television. His proposal was picked up by th League of Women Voters, which had as its election year theme "Issues, Not Images." Eventually, th two groups decided to work together on a mor ambitious level, involving both public and commer cial TV networks. The Benton Foundation devote its entire 1976 budget—$200,000—to the project.

Most of the public discussion about the recen debates has been on the prizefight level. Points hav been awarded for knockdowns and fancy footwork What really counts, however, is the fact of the de bates themselves. They provided the American pec ple with essential evidence for the most importan decision they could make as voters. There is n point in trying to determine the winner. The clea winners are the American people. —N.C.

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Letters from Readers

What They Don't Know . . .
If Henry Kissinger was disturbed to find that high school students could not identify the Arab country, given a choice of India, Israel, Egypt, and Mexico [N.C., "The Knowledge Gap," September 4], he most likely would be more distressed to learn that only two students —in a classroom of about thirty juniors at a prestigious university—had ever heard of Mr. Kissinger.

Miriam Stover Thomas
South Harpswell, Maine

Reading, Writing, and Rhetoric
After fifty years of teaching, I deem Sloan Wilson's article ["Why Jessie Hates English," September 18] wholly correct and admirably argued. The worst way to learn to speak and write good English is to study grammar. The best way is to read, write, and speak English with the aid of a teacher who can speak, write, and read good English. The grammar will take care of itself.

I dissent on only one point. Sloan Wilson seems to believe that his eight years studying Latin was a waste of time. When I attended high school, 1916 to 1920, we read simple Latin and then Caesar, Cicero, and Vergil, acquiring vocabulary, declensions, and conjugations. We learned English by translating Latin.

We discovered that after Latin, other Romance languages were vastly simplified. We perceived that English is indebted to Latin, which had been the language of all the literate European world for nearly a thousand years.

All is now gone. A language never wholly "dead" has been killed in our time by "progressive" educators and the Second Vatican Council. This is not a cultural gain but an irreparable loss. *"O Tempora! O Mores! O Di Immortales!"*

Frederick L. Schuman
Portland, Oreg.

A retreaded English teacher, I take offense to Sloan Wilson's alignment of the anti- and pro-grammar forces.

Those of us who taught in the early 1960s attempted with a good deal of success to teach writing as Mr. Wilson advocates: stress on communication, linking diction and syntax to "getting the message across," hopefully teaching students that writing is more a matter of enjoyment and common sense than plugging single words into grammatical formulae.

Unfortunately, however, college entrance tests never learned how to measure writing other than through testing grammar, and our university colleagues all too quickly assumed that decreasing ability in writing was linked irrevocably to decreasing use of grammar. By 1976 there are very few holdouts of the 1960s variety: the rest of us have given in to pressure from parents, the SATs, and the press—all of which have charged us with incompetence because America's youth can't identify gerund phrases or decide, on a multiple-choice test, which sentence is "correct," which is not. Hence, we now teach grammar.

The return to grammar, of course, is "substantiated" by past experience: people who write well generally find grammar easy, though the converse is not true, and successful writers, like university professors, equate good writing with good grammar.

So, Mr. Wilson, please don't blame us for teaching grammar; we've already been crucified for not having taught enough of it.

S. E. Phillips
Marcellus, N.Y.

. . . My first reaction to Sloan Wilson's article was to wonder what planet Mr. Wilson comes from. He maintains that the schools are destroying their students' sense of style by teaching nothing but grammar. But my own experience as a college English teacher is that schools are teaching their charges nothing of the kind.

In fact, most of my students come to college unable to distinguish an adverb from a noun. They simply lack the vocabulary, the elemental points of reference needed,to talk intelligently about writing and to respond with understanding to specific indications of common weaknesses in writing. . . .

Nor is it fair to argue that for most people the subject is a bore. Learning simply can't be all fun and games. . . .

John Dunlap
San Jose, Calif.

I am thirteen years old, in the eighth grade, and I never have had grammar explained thoroughly. I wish that my school would consider an English program like Jessie's, however tedious and boring it might be. It is a little difficult to learn a foreign language when you don't understand how your own language works.

Suzanne Keen
Washington, Pa.

Editor's clarification: The unpublished letters written by Ernest Hemingway to Edward O'Brien between 1923 and 1927 were purchased by the University of Maryland's McKeldin Library and were not a gift to that library, as was stated in the editorial "The Hemingway Letters," October 2, 1976.

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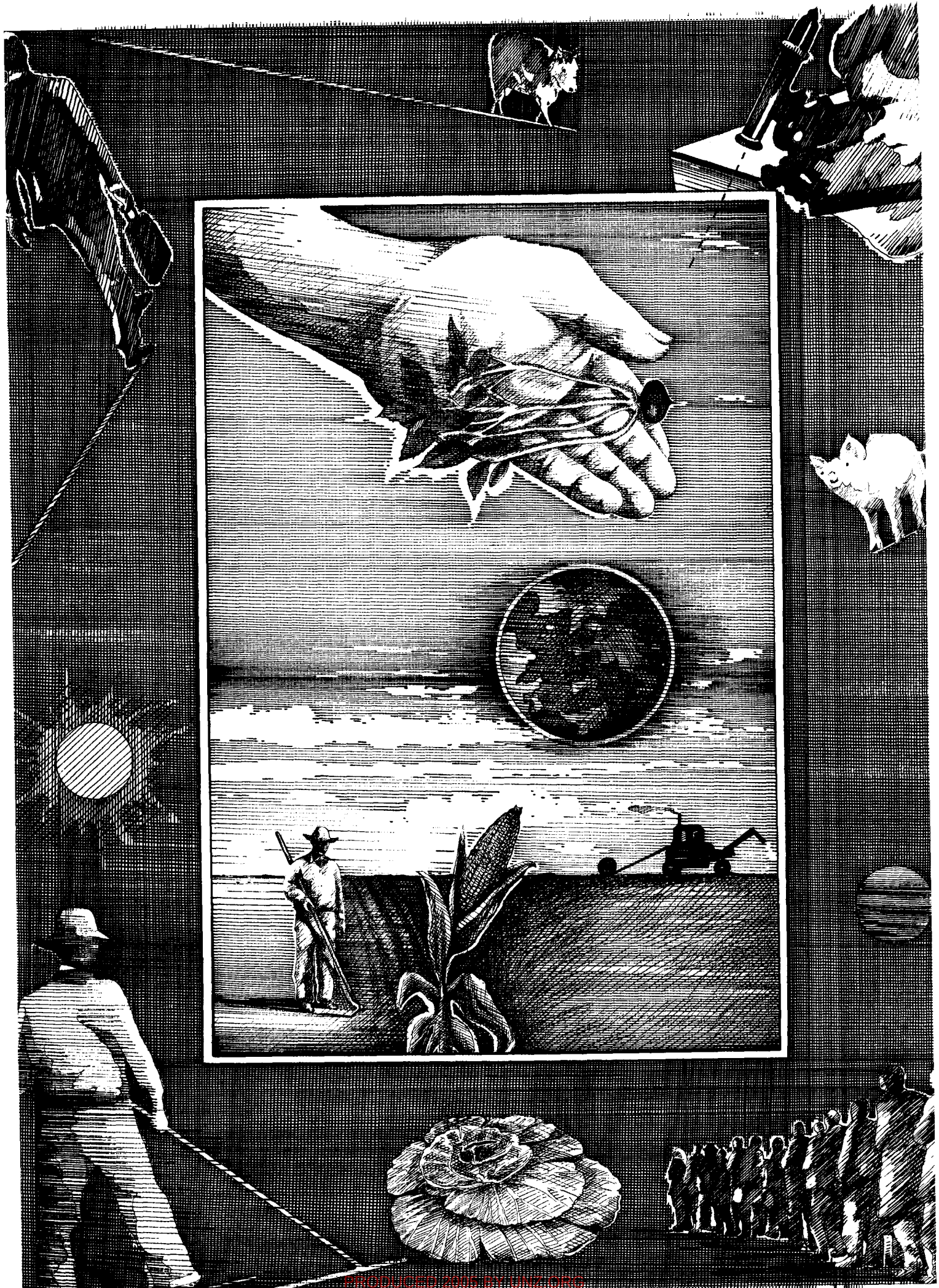

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Our Newest Weapon: Food

In this world of horror bombs and supersonic fighter planes, food—just plain food—seems an odd sort of superweapon for diplomats and generals to be boasting about. Yet America's vast agripower potential, long obscured by our industrial triumphs, is now being hailed as a non-violent strategic equivalent of the ICBM. Is the concept of food power as a diplomatic weapon a realistic one? Yes, but with some reservations, says Dan Morgan in the special section below. No, says Anthony Wolff, because our agripower technology is obsolescent. And finally, Robert Claiborne writes about a matter more important to our national security than the debate over food as a weapon—the real threat to world food-growing capacities posed by quirky, shifting weather patterns.

American Agripower and the Future of a Hungry World

by Dan Morgan

GEOPOLITICAL fantasy, Act I. It is the summer of 1977 and Panama's President Omar Torrijos has provoked an unexpected international crisis by seizing control of the Panama Canal. The American President and his advisers meet in emergency session at the White House to plan a response. The options are not promising. Military action seems inadvisable, for the canal is vulnerable to sabotage, American forces are badly outnumbered by tens of thousands of rampaging Panamanians, and the mood in Congress is hostile to committing more U.S. troops.

After examining the alternatives carefully, the President decides to employ an untested weapon. That weapon is food.

Act II. American wheat shipments to Panama have stopped, and after a month there is not a grain of wheat or a sack of flour left in the country. Torrijos's economists remind him that his country's wheat dependence on the United States had been total. All 53,000 tons consumed there in 1976 as bread, pasta, and cake came from America. Food inflation is rampant. When Torrijos quietly contacts France about buying wheat, grain-trade sources tip off friends in the U.S. Department of Agriculture. The White House informs France that if it breaks the wheat embargo, Washington will cut off corn deliveries to the European Common Market—the 11-million-tons-a-year pipeline on which Western Europe depends for its animal feed. France backs off. Australia and Canada also withdraw their discreet overtures to Panama. American agricultural attachés in those countries pass the word that if Torrijos gets help, the United States will dump wheat at cut-rate prices into favorite Australian and Canadian wheat markets in the Middle East and in communist China.

Dan Morgan, national correspondent for The Washington Post, *is writing a book on the world grain market.*

Act III. Torrijos caves in and sends his negotiators back to the bargaining table to continue interminable talks with the United States on the future of the canal.

Is such a scenario actually plausible? Yes, very much so. It is, in fact, likely that a highly detailed plan along these lines even now reposes in the vaults where the CIA squirrels away its various "contingency" schemes.

This is not to say, however, that the government is not fully aware of the political, moral, and technical reasons why such a deployment of American food power might well backfire. In fact, Don Paarlberg, director of economics at the Department of Agriculture, describes America's alleged food power as a "myth," saying that the use of food as a weapon would be "an error on diplomatic as well as on moral grounds."

Then, too, U.S. policymakers must keep in mind the powerful domestic and political constraints against grain embargoes—as witness the grain shipments to the Soviet Union in 1975.

The world grain trade is, moreover, a leaky business. It is operated by a handful of multinational corporations that know better than any government where grain is and how to get it from one place to another. They operate vast global shipping and communications networks that enable them to trade grain outside the purview of government bureaucrats. In the global grain trade, the 53,000 tons of wheat that Panama gets from us is a raindrop in a deluge, a mere two-freighter cargo. Mexico alone could supply such a paltry amount to Panama without anybody's being the wiser.

Given the volume of the world's grain trade, now running at 157 million tons a year, only a few huge importers, such as Japan, Western Europe, the Soviet Union, and (in poor harvest years) India, could be crippled by an American food curtailment.

NEVERTHELESS, American food power is a reality. It is, so to speak, there, though its manifestations are, as a former cabinet official described them, "very, very subtle." The Central Intelligence Agency concluded in a study that the world's increasing dependence on American surpluses "portends an increase in U.S. power and influence, particularly vis-à-vis the food-deficit poor countries." Soviet officials have sometimes hinted at their concern about the growing American grain hegemony, warning their U.S. counterparts not to act as if "you have your boots on our necks." Yet how else could the Soviet grain dependency on

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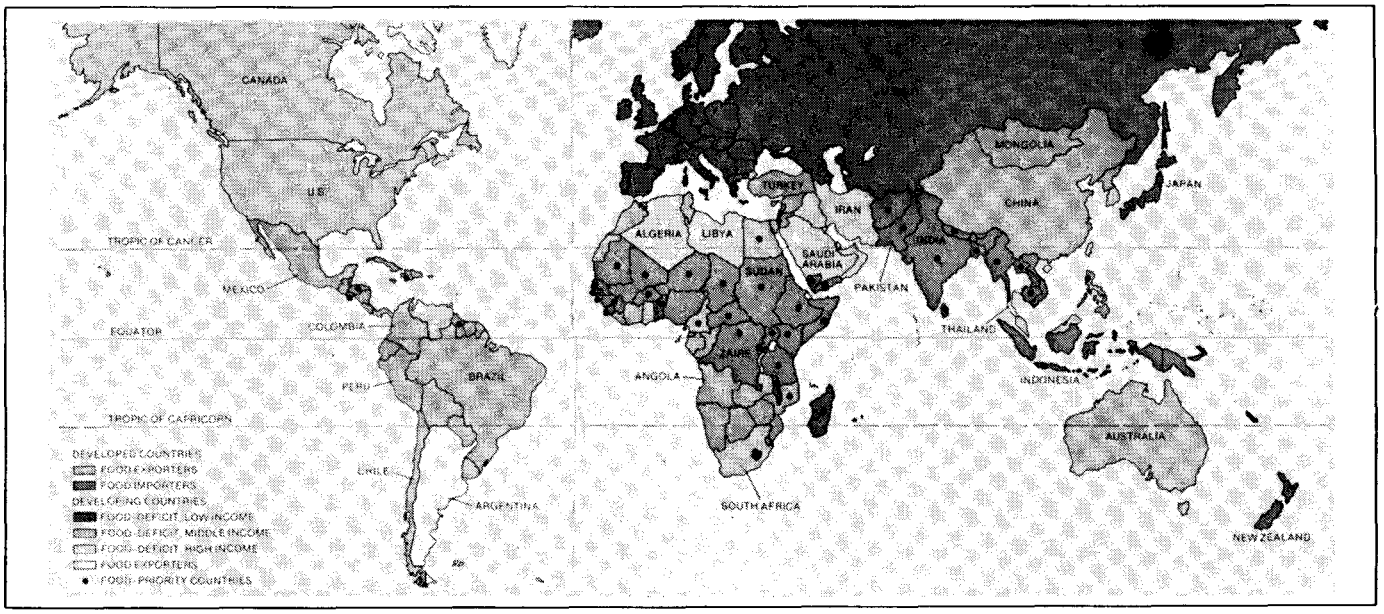

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The Haves and the Have-Nots—"Soviet officials have sometimes hinted at their concern about the growing American grain hegemony, warning their U.S. counterparts not to act as if 'you have your boots on our necks.'"

America be described? Since the summer of 1975, 8 percent of *all* the grain used to feed people and animals in the Soviet Union has been American. Food "kept the Russians on the sidelines" while Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger negotiated a Middle East peace agreement in 1975, in the view of our then Secretary of Agriculture Earl L. Butz.

The United States is the world's only agricultural superpower, and there are not even any close challengers. As the United States has lost its monopoly in nuclear technology and economic know-how, its food monopoly has grown apace. The country now produces half of all the world's corn, and its share of the corn and wheat trade is still greater. Most of the growth in the world grain trade since 1972 has been accounted for by the growth in American exports, from 34 million tons then to 82 million tons in 1975.

Iowa alone produces about 10 percent of all the corn grown in the *world*, and Kansas and North Dakota produce almost as much wheat as Canada (the world's third largest producer) and more than Australia (the fourth largest). Poor weather in those three states can wreak havoc in world markets, push up food prices from Seattle to Singapore, and increase the level of global malnutrition. The United States is a major force in the world rice trade, too, even though rice is a minor American crop. In fact, with its exports of 1.4 million tons, the United States is the world's leading rice-trading nation.

The patterns of an American-centered global grain trade are clearly established. The American grain pipeline, as it now exists, crisscrosses the world without regard to the borders of either geography or ideology.

East Germany, an implacable ideological adversary of the United States, has become almost totally dependent on corn from the American Midwest to feed its growing hog, poultry, and beef populations. Virtually all of the 1.3 million tons of corn that East Germany consumed in 1975 and 1976 came from the United States.

The same pattern of dependency is true of America's closest allies. Japan, which lacks adequate farmland to support its population, receives from the United States about 11 million tons out of the 19.2 million tons of the grain it uses. (The dependence of Asian rice-eating countries such as Japan, Taiwan, South Korea, and the Philippines on American wheat is a postwar phenomenon, spurred in part by efforts of the American government, wheat-farmer organizations, and grain companies to change Asian diets.)

In Western Europe only France could do without American grain for an extended period of time without disruptions in the economy. (In that sense, French bread, which is made almost entirely from indigenous soft-wheat flour, is a proud symbol of French independence, as well as a tribute to Gallic culinary superiority.)

The level of grain dependence is also high in many countries in which the United States has a vital economic or security interest. In 1975 and 1976 oil producer Venezuela bought almost all its wheat from the United States. In the same period three-fourths of all the grain used by Israel was American. More recently, the new regime in Chile is importing most of its wheat from the United States.

Tropical countries whose soil and weather are unfavorable for growing cereal grains are particularly reliant on the United States as a supplier. Jamaica (which has led efforts to form a cartel of bauxite-producing countries) gets almost all of its annual requirement of 200,000 tons of grain from the United States.

To suggest that these patterns do not pose both political opportunities and moral dilemmas for the United States seems naive. The country's food monopoly gives it the power to affect diets, nutrition, and economies around the world—perhaps even to decide who starves and who lives in times of famine and periods of poor harvest. In many countries food imports from the United States have become a major factor in political stability.

In cities that have recently been swelled by an influx of former peasants, farmers, and rural dwellers no longer able to feed themselves, food imports are crucial. Faced with hungry urban populations, many governments have chosen the politically easier option of importing food rather than trying to increase their countries' own food production. Pro-

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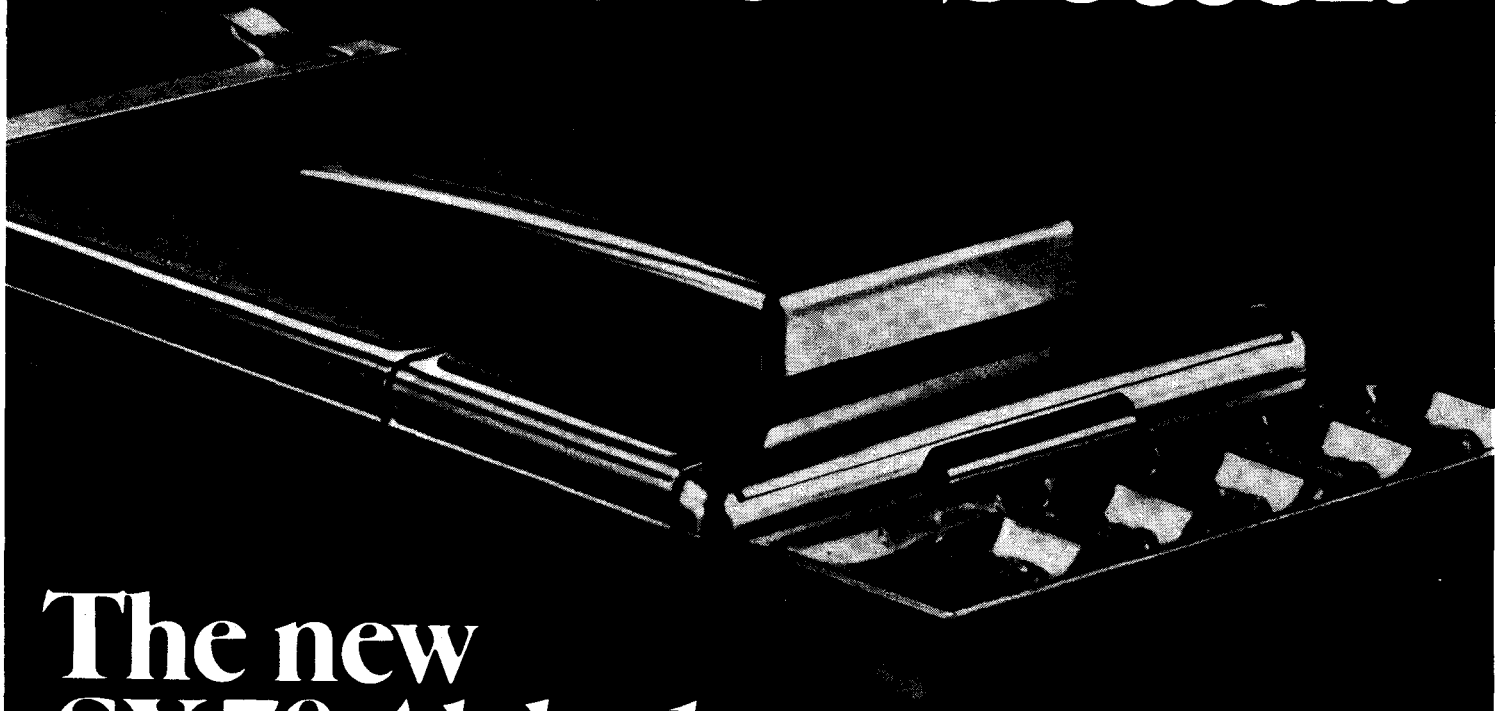

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viding food at reasonable prices is often a priority matter in the political survival of governments. Food-price increases (resulting from poor harvests and skimping on imports) led to bloody rioting and to the overthrow of the regime of Wladyslaw Gomulka in Poland in 1970.

Food, therefore, is not only a resource that is basic to human civilization. It is also a prominent factor today in the political stability of countries around the world. Yet U.S. policymakers have been slow to acknowledge the grave responsibilities that the country's food monopoly have created.

America's enormous food exports today are not primarily feeding the hungry; they are feeding those who can afford to pay for grain that is about twice as costly as it was four years ago. For the most part, the United States distributes its food abroad according to the purchasing power of buyers rather than need. Last year, the country gave away only 1.3 million tons of its total production of 240 million tons. And the country's largest *cash* buyer of wheat was India.

Other countries are well aware of the significance of the American grain dominion. "You Americans have something more powerful than the atomic bomb—you have protein!" said a Rumanian agriculture official to former Secretary Butz last year. Butz himself was fond of saying tha "corn is helping maintain the peace of the world."

Yet beyond such vague acknowledgments as these, poli cymakers in Washington tend to hide behind the ideolog of "free trade" in discussing the implications of the foo monopoly. Any suggestion that the American governmen has profound responsibility for seeing to it that the availabl food is distributed equitably is met with arguments that th government should not interfere in the grain marketplace U.S. food policy under Presidents Nixon and Ford can bes be described as mercantilist. The government has only th loosest kind of surveillance of the grain trade itself. For th most part, large privately owned grain companies allocat American grain to buyers abroad according to the laws o supply and demand. Rich countries and poor countries alik pay the same price for the grain they buy in the wide-ope American supermarket—though poor countries sometime end up paying more if they are unfortunate enough to mak their purchases after heavy buyers such as the Soviet Unio have completed transactions in this country.

American leadership in creating new institutions to dea with the new reality of a continuing global grain shortag has been timid, uncertain, and reluctant. In the 1950s an 1960s the country could hardly give away its enormou

Rice: The Diplomatic Crop

Spring is a busy time of year in the rice fields around Chadwick's Grocery, a general store at a rural crossroads near Otwell, Ark. Every day at noon, farmers who have been sowing a new rice crop in the surrounding countryside tramp in, stomp the dust off their boots, order sandwiches, and stand gossiping amid the bags of onions and potatoes stacked on the floor.

As often as not, the talk turns to foreign policy, something that has a major bearing on the fortunes of the rice farmers of northeastern Arkansas. Rice is nicknamed "the diplomatic crop" in American agricultural circles —and with good reason. Farmers in California, Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Mississippi grow much more rice than can be exported or sold to domestic food companies and breweries. The remainder—often as much as one-fifth of the entire crop—is shipped abroad to allies and friends of the United States under Public Law 480 (Food for Peace).

Gulf Coast rice farmers often joke that "Henry Kissinger is our best rice salesman" and add that "we are growing this stuff for the State Department." At Chadwick's a farmer admitted that "a lot of it is going to dictators." But he added that he did not object. "To be honest, what we're really interested in is getting rid of the stuff."

Since 1954 the United States has shipped more than $2 billion worth of surplus rice abroad under PL 480. Most of it has gone to countries in which the United States has (or had) a vital economic or security interest: South Korea, South Vietnam, Cambodia, the Philippines, Indonesia, Liberia, Guinea, and, more recently, Portugal and India.

American taxpayers heavily subsidize rice growing through government price supports. Until recently, there were also quotas and acreage limitations. Except for a few years, a surplus in rice has been chronic, producing high costs for the taxpayers and political headaches for Washington. This year, the government has had to buy up close to a million unsold surplus tons at a cost of about $170 million.

One outlet for the surpluses has been diplomacy. In 1971 the United States promised South Korea a substantial increase in food aid if it would "voluntarily" restrict its textile exports to America. South Korea's reverse aid to the U.S. textile industry was rewarded in the next two years with more than half a million tons of rice under PL 480.

In 1975 Secretary of State Kissinger was negotiating a peace agreement in the Middle East. Syria received some rice under PL 480.

The Vietnam War sharply focused public attention on the diplomatic role of rice, and eventually Congress set a ceiling on food aid for political purposes. Between 1973 and 1974 nearly 70 percent of the food allocated under PL 480 went to South Vietnam and Cambodia. About 600,000 tons of rice wound up in just these two countries. The governments sold the food to their own people and used most of the proceeds to pay soldiers and to equip and feed their armies. Congressional critics labeled the program "food for war" and limited the military uses of food-aid proceeds.

With the end of the Vietnam war, the United States has shifted a substantial amount of rice aid to Bangladesh. But in 1975 and 1976 nearly half the tonnage went to three countries in which Washington has, respectively, a military, political, or economic interest: South Korea, Portugal, and oil producer Indonesia. "We have the food, they have the oil," said a government official of the Indonesian program. The United

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surpluses. Today demand for American food is strong all around the world. But Washington seems to have been unprepared for the country's transition from major food producer to major food power. In the situation that has existed since 1973, the policy of the Department of Agriculture has been a narrow one: to get farmers to produce as much as they can and to sell the surplus abroad for the highest possible price. In a real sense, the United States has been the main beneficiary of the world food crisis.

The record food exports from the United States have apparently not made a dent in the problem of world hunger. Malnutrition is more widespread than it was four years ago. The U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization says there are still 500 million inadequately fed people in the world. In many countries where large numbers of people live at the edge of starvation, food imports from abroad are not allocated to the hungry but are resold to those who can pay. Honduras imports 110,000 tons of wheat a year from the United States, but a British journalist recently witnessed, in a rural hospital in that country, the death of an infant suffering from malnutrition.

The growing dependence of the world on American food is, in fact, a symptom of a global crisis that is getting worse, even though it has dropped out of the headlines recently. The world has a bountiful supply of rice and wheat this year for those who can pay for it, thanks to good harvests. Yet the world has not been able to return to the upward trend in overall grain production that it held to until 1971. The expected grain production for 1976 (wheat, corn, barley, oats, rye, and millet) is expected to be slightly above a billion tons, about the same as in 1973. The International Food Policy Research Institute (IFPRI), in Washington, predicts that the world's poorest countries will have grain deficits of between 42 million tons and 48 million tons by 1985 unless they sharply increase their own food production—something that has not been happening.

Much more will be required to reach those targets than more injections of money and technology from rich, developed countries. Political leadership and courage will be required, not only in the poor countries, in which agriculture has had a low priority for too long, but also in rich countries, which have certainly contributed to the food crisis by catering to narrow political and national interests of their own.

Officials at the U.N. World Food Council, in Rome, throw up their hands in frustration when they talk about the monumental apathy they confront. "The politics on both sides, rich and poor, has got to be changed," said one such offi-

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States is also sending 100,000 tons of surplus rice to India—even though an Indian diplomat in Washington said his country has enough rice this year and is taking the food "as a gesture of friendship and cooperation." (Wheat aid to Chile, it should be noted, resumed after Allende fell.)

American officials concede that it is something of an anomaly for the United States, a minor rice-producing country, in which rice is viewed by many as "food for minorities," to be shipping the commodity to the Southeast Asian rice bowl. Defenders of the deliveries say that they help the balance of payments of countries such as South Korea and fight the damaging inflation that could result if food became scarce.

SOME studies question that. A recent report of the General Accounting Office, in Washington, said that U.S. officials surveyed in Indonesia and India thought that "the massive food aid provided through PL 480 in the 1960s restricted agricultural growth in those countries by allowing governments to postpone essential agricultural reforms and investments." (In 1971 food aid from abroad made up 71 percent of the food imports of Indonesia, a country with vast agricultural potential.)

An official of the U.N. World Food Council was less cautious in his choice of words. "The U.S. has fouled up the world rice market, everybody knows that—it's not even disputed privately," he said.

It is not at all sure that PL 480 shipments help the poor. Under the program, the U.S. government gives friendly foreign governments "soft" dollar loans for buying food on the open market in America. The loans don't have to be repaid for an average of thirty-three years, and they carry interest rates of as little as 2 percent. But the foreign governments that get the credit sell most of the food at home for local currency. Graft and corruption in the handling of the commodities is believed to be pervasive, and there is no requirement that it go to hungry people. On December 20, 1975, Congress sought to depoliticize the food aid by passing legislation requiring that 75 percent of the credits go annually to countries in which people earn under $300 a year. "It's an improvement, but it still doesn't assure that the neediest or hungriest in those countries get the food," said a Senate aide.

There is evidence that the foreign rice aid assists American rice farmers as much as anybody abroad. As the invariable rice glut builds up each year in California and along the Mississippi River, congressmen stumble all over one another trying to sell the surplus abroad or to dump it into PL 480 channels. Congress's rice salesman par excellence has long been Louisiana Congressman Otto E. Passman, a Democrat and the chairman of the powerful House Appropriations subcommittee on foreign aid.

Passman was defeated last summer in his district's Democratic Party primary, but in his heyday his rice-selling exploits abroad were legendary. In early 1971 Passman persuaded the South Korean government to purchase most of Louisiana's unsold surplus rice in return for additional foreign-aid loans for buying still more rice. What with Washington's promises of aid for holding back on textile exports, the Korean chips were piling up rapidly. So much American rice came pouring into South Korean ports that year that 10 percent of all that was used there in 1971 had been grown in the chartreuse-hued rice fields of California or the Gulf Coast.

Later, the man who held the House's foreign-aid purse strings also persuaded Bangladesh to order its rice from the United States instead of Thailand. Rice diplomacy can be brutal at times. —D.M.

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cial "But there isn't a single political leader in the world who wants to focus on this problem."

Studies by the U.S. government, private organizations, and the United Nations have all pinpointed an array of policies in developing countries that impede rather than encourage agricultural production. Lack of credit for farmers, low prices for farm products, export taxes, and "outmoded agrarian structures" in which big landlords prosper at the expense of small tenant farmers are all part of the problem. (In the Philippines 98 percent of loans to farmers go to the one-fourth of the farmers with the largest holdings.)

But the policies of wealthy countries such as the United States also pose obstacles to a solution. Studies by the General Accounting Office, in Washington, fault the United States for dumping its food surpluses abroad and discouraging countries to produce more of their own food. In wealthy nations the problem often is not too little political influence on the farm sector but too much.

LACK of information about how the global food system works and about why it is failing to respond quickly enough now is no longer the problem it once was. We know a great deal about the interaction of domestic and international agricultural policy. Policymakers clearly understand that there is a link between the tariff policies of wealthy nations and the food production of poorer ones and that there is no isolating domestic decisions from their international consequences.

What is lacking are creative solutions and the political will to avert a potential global catastrophe. As the only agricultural superpower, the United States has the responsibility for at least making sure that its policies don't adversely affect countries least able to pay for the consequences.

Yet Dale E. Hathaway, director of IFPRI, notes that "there has been very little effort here to use food in a positive way." Within the Ford administration, responsibility for making agricultural policy has seesawed back and forth between the State Department and the Department of Agriculture, coming to rest finally with Butz just before the Illinois Republican primary, when Ford was trying to appease farm-state voters.

Only Kissinger has continued to speak out publicly about the need for international institutions to stabilize prices and to provide access to adequate supplies at reasonable prices, within the context of a new global economic order. But he has been a lonely voice in an administration that, by and large, is ideologically inclined toward free trade, noninterference in the markets, and latter-day mercantilism. At the Agriculture Department, Kissinger's overtures have been attacked as the utopian dreaming of "striped-pants amateurs."

Yet it is obvious that the old laissez-faire policies have left much to be desired. As one White House official said, "Agriculture has become too important to be left to the Department of Agriculture."

Three times since 1973, the White House has been forced to impose embargoes on soybeans or grain in a highly charged emergency atmosphere. Given the importance of agriculture in the American economy and the dependence of other nations on U.S. grain, these actions have sent shock waves through the American Midwest and around the globe.

Some legislators, such as Democratic Congressman James Weaver, of Oregon, have called for the creation of a national grain board along the lines of the Canadian Wheat Board to allocate grain to customers abroad and to dispense food aid as necessary. Weaver would make sporadic customers such as the Soviet Union pay premium prices, sell grain cheaply to poor countries, and block food shipments to countries that withhold vital raw materials from the United States.

Such a plan, which would vest control of half the world grain trade in a government agency subject to political and diplomatic pressures, seems fraught with pitfalls and the potential for abuse. On the other hand, the emergency embargoes and wildly fluctuating prices of the past three years clearly show that some government management of grain supplies is urgently needed.

The only alternative to this confusion is a broad American food policy that would balance the interest of American farmers and consumers, cash-paying customers abroad, and poor nations. So far, talks aimed at creating an international food-reserve system have gone nowhere at the International Wheat Council, in London, partly because the U.S. government is itself divided on the issue. Two years after the World Food Conference, in Rome, wealthy countries and the major oil-producing nations are still wrangling over the size of their contributions to a fund to finance agricultural production in poor countries. The United States has agreed to put up $200 million, but only if others put up their share.

In Congress, only Senator Hubert H. Humphrey has a comprehensive food-policy plan. It envisions government controls on grain exports as a last resort. But under his plan the likelihood of such a drastic step would be greatly lessened. The plan would contribute to more stability of grain prices, which would help poor nations abroad as well as U.S. livestock men, who have been hard hit by the oscillating prices of grain.

ADEQUATE stocks of wheat and feed grains—perhaps 15 million tons of both—are the basis of the Humphrey plan. The bulk of the stocks would be held by farmers and the grain trade, but the government would also hold some. As long as prices stayed within a fairly wide band, the government would keep its hands off. But if prices rose past the ceiling, the government would sell off some of its stocks and caution buyers abroad to pare down their imports. If prices dipped below the floor, the government would buy grain, and if they kept dropping, the Secretary of Agriculture could announce that he would order farmers to plant less the next year—unless other countries increased their buying for the purpose of building up reserve stocks of their own.

If nothing else, the plan would announce to the world that the United States acknowledges its responsibility for safeguarding a more stable global grain economy. It would recognize that, where food is concerned, there are much larger issues at stake than the interests of private grain companies or even the U.S. balance of payments. It would be a step toward rationing food in an orderly way as the world enters a time of inevitable shortages.

The American grain monopoly has reached unhealthy proportions. And it has been fostered by a myth in the Department of Agriculture that U.S. technology and U.S. production are the answer to the world food problem. The real answer is enlightened policies, which need to begin in the United States itself. ◉

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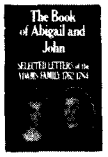

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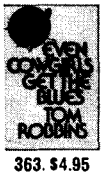

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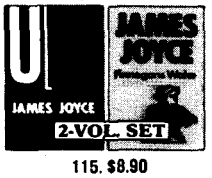

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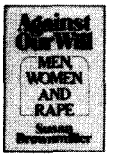

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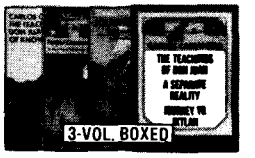

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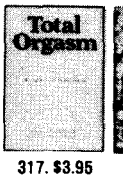

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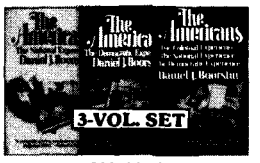

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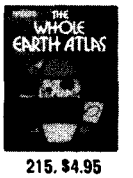

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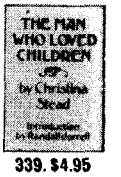

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OPEC Welshes on a Promise

by William Steif

Rome

Just two years ago, thirteen oil-rich countries electrified a world food conference being held in Rome. Brimming over with oil-crisis cash and high spirits, the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) vowed to put up a cool $500 million toward the fight against Third World hunger—provided the industrialized nations could come up with their own $500-million matching fund.

One billion dollars! To international-affairs veterans long used to fighting Third World hunger on lean budgets, this ocean of money spelled a possible end to the threat of world starvation. In addition, governments everywhere took OPEC's gesture as thrilling evidence that a major new force had joined the loose coalition of nations waging war against Third World deprivation.

But since that day of bright hopes and solemn promises in Rome, almost nothing concrete has happened—and 500 million inadequately fed people are still facing a future that is bleak and parlous.

To understand the why of this appalling situation, one must consider the strange workings of the World Food Council—that institutional midget set up in Rome to implement the glowing promises made at the conference.

The council occupies part of a wing in one of the two massive headquarters buildings of the U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) near downtown Rome. The council's executive director is John Hannah, the septuagenarian ex–Michigan State University president who ran the Agency for International Development (AID) for President Nixon. Sartaj Aziz, a Pakistani economist, is Hannah's deputy executive director; Harry Walters, a former World Bank official, is Hannah's assistant executive director. There are less than a dozen and a half others, including secretaries, on the staff.

One of the council's main functions was, and is, to establish the International Fund for Agricultural Development (IFAD). The fund is supposed to funnel money through the World Bank, through FAO, and through the regional-development banks of Asia, Africa, and Latin America to improve farming practices, and therefore farm yields, in the hungriest, most backward nations of the world.

Not a dime has been allocated yet.

The council's secretariat has drafted a food-reserve plan. Nothing has come of that, either.

Two years ago, at the conference here, the OPEC nations, in the first flush of their new prosperity, proposed that they and the industrial nations put $1 billion into IFAD on a fifty–fifty basis.

U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim welcomed the idea, and by early 1975 he had persuaded Hannah to come out of retirement to lead the food council, which would be a direct appendage of the secretary-general rather than of the bureaucratic, ineffectual FAO.

In 1975 and early 1976 Hannah and his aides spent most of their time trying to round up money from the industrial countries. That meant working with the twenty-four-nation Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD), based in Paris, and especially OECD's Development Assistance Committee, which is headed by Hannah's ex-AID deputy, Maurice Williams.

The United States came in with a $200-million pledge, on which Congress hung two conditions: IFAD would have to be at least $1 billion, and OPEC would have to abide by its pledge of "rough parity" in supporting the fund—that meant fifty–fifty, not sixty–forty.

Other countries fell in line. West Germany came up with $50 million, Japan with $50 million, and smaller nations with the rest.

But last May 19 OPEC's governing board welshed on its own proposal.

It said OPEC would put up only $400 million of the $1 billion and that this sum was "inclusive of all amounts previously declared by some OPEC member countries as their individual contributions to the fund."

Iran had pledged $105 million, Saudi Arabia $100 million, Venezuela $56 million, Kuwait $36 million, and the other OPEC members smaller amounts.

By mid-June, when representatives of eighty nations gathered here to sign IFAD's articles of incorporation, the impasse was complete. The articles were not signed.

By then IFAD had pledges amounting to $937 million, including pledges from more than a dozen Third World countries. Sri Lanka, for example, pledged $1 million, India $5 million, Pakistan $500,000, Kenya almost $1 million, Egypt $30,000, and Ghana $100,000.

But it didn't make any difference. So long as OPEC, with which the industrial nations are dickering in half a dozen different arenas simultaneously, decided to limit its total to $400 million, the package would be almost impossible to sell to the U.S. Congress. And without the American $200 million, the industrial nations would not achieve their quota.

Hannah was in New York in September lobbying with the OPEC delegations to the U.N., and squeezed an extra $20 million from Iran, but the rest of OPEC held tight.

The argument, in short, has stopped being how best to aid hungry people quickly and now centers on the relative proportions of aid the richer nations should give.

The industrial nations say the oil countries and the Third World countries won an important concession when IFAD was negotiated. Voting was split into thirds, with one-third reserved for the industrial nations, one-third for the OPEC nations, and one-third for the poor Third World nations. That means that if OPEC and the Third World countries hang together in IFAD, they can control its policies. The industrial nations' concession of purse-string control was rare: its price is that OPEC live up to its promise.

Interestingly, the communist bloc is a non-participant in these negotiations.

The council could become a prototype of other institutions reflecting the realignment of world power—and the quickening of world sensibilities—since the 1973 oil crisis.

But an awful lot of people are going hungry in the meantime. ◉

William Steif, based in Paris, is European and Mideast correspondent for Scripps-Howard Newspapers.

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The hungry grow hungrier

The spectre of famine is increasingly our daily companion in the world.

And fortunately, there is an alarmed worldwide awareness of the need for positive programs to increase food production.

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Our contribution is a renewed dedication to do what we do best. To continue to work on a world-wide basis to improve agricultural equipment technology. To improve machine productivity and reliability.

We know the challenge must be met. There are no reasonable alternatives.

JOHN DEERE

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Planning for Old Mother Hubbard

Today's lackadaisical approach to agricultural research will leave tomorrow's cupboards barer than ever

by Anthony Wolff

AMERICAN agriculture, according to most scenarios, is our ace in the hole. Growing enough to eat may be a problem for much of the rest of the world, but, the futurists tell us, other people's hard luck is America's opportunity. To humanitarians our cornucopia means the difference between starvation and survival for the world's famished millions. Economists count on agricultural surpluses to tip the balance of profit and loss in U.S. foreign trade. For political strategists food is a weapon that can turn defeat into victory: the way to the hearts and minds of the world's poor is through their stomachs. The superabundance of the American harvest is almost universally assumed to be the common denominator that will reduce all problems to manageable size.

But a growing number of agricultural experts are not so sanguine. All this cocksure crystal-balling, they warn, is based on the common but unwarranted assumption that the experience of the recent past will persist of its own momentum into the indefinite future. Not necessarily, say the experts: today's agricultural abundance is the harvest of scientific and technological seeds planted decades ago. A controversial 350-page report by a National Academy of Sciences committee, funded by the Rockefeller Foundation, concludes that the increasing abundance that forecasters assume for the future "will depend largely on research results not yet in hand. Output can continue to rise for many decades only if additional technologies become available."

But these new technologies, the NAS committee charges, are being stunted by a lack of support for agricultural research. "Perhaps because of several decades of an abundance of agricultural products," the committee's report suggests, "agricultural research has been accorded a low priority in the scientific establishment." In a recent interview the committee's eminent chairman, Dr. James G. Horsfall, aged seventy-one, who retired to emeritus status just last year after twenty-three years as director of the pioneering Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station, translated the report's bureaucratic language into a farmer's metaphor. "Agricultural research," said Horsfall, whose salt-white hair belies his peppery personality, "is sucking on the hind teat."

Horsfall and his fellow critics trace the problem to a paradox: agricultural research is undervalued at present precisely because it has paid off so richly in the past. We are like a gambler who refuses to back his own winning streak. Average U.S. corn yields have more than doubled since 1950, from about 40 bushels per acre to 97.1 in 1972. The

Grain-rich present—"Research is undervalued to

100 pounds of feed it took to produce less than 30 pound of broiler meat two decades ago produce 40 to 50 pound today, and hens that laid 170 eggs a year then lay 220 now Twelve million cows today give as much milk as 25 millio cows did thirty years ago. "A doubling of agricultural out put, from fewer crop acres, with only a third the forme input of human labor, in one generation," the Horsfall com mittee points out, "would have been impossible without a agricultural research establishment of high competence."

There are signs, however, that this research-based, pre cipitous growth is slowing down. The numbers of peopl being fed by each farm worker and each harvested acre— statistics that have long been quoted like Scripture to indi cate the virtues of the American way—are leveling off. O special concern in this change is the decreasing margina effectiveness of fertilizers and insecticides, two of the prim factors in the postwar productivity increases. At the Uni versity of Illinois, for example, where corn yields on ex perimental farms increased from 70 bushels an acre in 195 to 130 in 1965, the yield has been dropping back towar 120 bushels an acre in the last decade. Nationally, cor yields per acre have fallen from 97.1 bushels to 86.2. Th United States still produces bumper crops, but much of th increased production stems from the fact that the reserv of high-quality farmland held out of production has bee reduced to zero, and even poorer land is now being pushe into use.

The NAS report also points out that productivity gains i grains and poultry have yet to be matched in other importan agricultural products, including beans and soybeans an beef, pork, and lamb. Meanwhile, other factors over whic the farmer has little if any control—rising energy prices an scarcities, environmental constraints, and climatic change —threaten to make future improvements in agriculture mor difficult than those of the past. The only reasonable cours

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Joe Munro/Photo Researchers

cause it paid off so richly in the past."

say the experts, would be to redouble our agricultural-research effort. They describe a slackening instead in the national commitment to research on increased food production, a commitment that was steadfast from the time the *Mayflower* Pilgrims gambled for survival on experiments with stolen Indian seed corn right down through the period of headlong agricultural expansion after World War II. "When nearly half the population depended directly on farm enterprises for a livelihood, and when the vagaries of weather, disease and insects threatened the tenuous economy and food supply," says the NAS report, "public interest centered on agriculture." As this interest was repaid with seemingly endless supplies of low-cost food—and a radical shift of population away from the farm—"there followed a shift in public concern and support away from agriculture to other problems."

As evidence of this shift, the Horsfall committee notes that the increase in support for federal and state agricultural research during the last two decades, averaging 8.9 percent per year, has barely kept pace with inflation. Agriculture has become a Cinderella, neglected in the competition for public and official favor with more glamorous sciences, such as nuclear physics, biochemistry, and even ecology.

COMPARING the scientific effort devoted to twenty-eight agricultural research areas from 1966 to 1971, the committee's report finds that despite an increase of 16 percent in gross financial support, the number of "scientist-man-years" fell by 18 percent. Within the agricultural establishment—the land-grant ag schools, the state experiment stations, and the U.S. Department of Agriculture—the proportions of manpower and money devoted to research on production efficiency have declined in comparison with the expenditures on environmental protection, community services, export marketing, foreign assistance, and other non-production interests.

According to the *Kiplinger Agricultural Letter*, a respected Washington research publication, the USDA's Agricultural Research Service (ARS) devotes less than one-third of its program to "mission-oriented basic research." And some experts charge that even the research the USDA does is no longer very good. In a 1972 report to the department, a scientific panel headed by Glenn Pound, dean of the University of Wisconsin College of Agricultural and Life Sciences, said bluntly, "Much of agricultural research is outmoded, pedestrian and inefficient; bold moves are called for." As usual, Dr. Horsfall is even more straightforward. "Science does not have the dignified position in the U.S. Department of Agriculture that it should have," he maintains. As a center for scientific research, the USDA has become a "third-rate outfit."

At the USDA's labyrinthine Washington headquarters, Ralph J. McCracken, the associate administrator of the ARS, politely declines to endorse such negative assessments of his agency's condition. He willingly admits, however, to a concern for the future. "Our technology is running low," he says. "We're going to be in a Mother Hubbard situation." He also agrees that there has been "a significant decline in the percentage of the USDA budget allocated for research."

In "real" dollars—adjusted for inflation—McCracken calculates, spending has leveled off at the 1964 level while the real costs of doing increasingly sophisticated research have increased along with the cost of everything else. In 1940, he says, 40 percent of the federal science and technology budget went to agricultural research; now it's only 2 percent. In dollar terms the ARS budget for 1976 is $279 million out of the total federal research budget of about $15 billion. One symptom of the shortage of money, he notes, is that the average age of ARS researchers is now nearing fifty.

Nevertheless, Ralph McCracken insists that the ARS is trying to return to its traditional focus on "basic research on food production" despite budgetary constraints and the Washington power structure's innocence about agriculture. Meanwhile, over on Capitol Hill, where they keep the capital, there are signs of renewed congressional interest in matters agricultural. Last spring, Republican Congressman William C. Wampler, of Virginia, introduced legislation that would set a ceiling on general agricultural-research spending almost $100 million above the Ford administration's $509-million budget request, and would create a three-year, $150-million program of grants for new research projects. The House passed Wampler's bill by a lopsided 373–7 and sent it to the Senate, where it died in the Agriculture Committee, which found it wanting in a number of respects and decided to write a bill of its own.

The Senate committee's Food and Agricultural Research Bill, planned for introduction in the next session, will propose a fixed formula for total spending on ag research by all federal agencies. According to the committee, ag research deserves support equal to .005 percent of the value of all domestic retail food purchases plus the gross value of U.S. agricultural exports. Last year, these values were $209 billion and $22 billion respectively. Thus, under the proposed formula, agricultural research would have been enriched by $1.2 billion. It will be up to the next Congress to settle

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the sudden competition between the two houses over which can do better by agricultural research.

Most ag scientists agree that if they get the money, they will know how to spend it effectively. Every expert has his own agenda of top-priority research projects languishing for lack of love and money. Below are a few that are on everyone's list as the most likely to succeed with sufficient support and to pay off in dramatic gains in both overall production and agricultural efficiency.

Nitrogen fixation. Legumes—beans, soybeans, peas, and their relatives—are famous for their ability to grow without nitrogen fertilizer. As high-school biology students learn, this talent depends on a symbiotic relationship between the legumes' roots and certain bacteria that can "fix" nitrogen out of thin air. Plant scientists believe they can breed other plants, including the basic cereal grains, to be just as hospitable to the nitrogen-fixing bacteria as the legumes are. Success would save not only the cost of fertilizer but also the huge amounts of petroleum used in its manufacture.

Photosynthesis. Photosynthesis is what plants do naturally when they convert solar energy and basic chemicals into edible vegetable matter. The scientists want to fine-tune this process by increasing the plants' ability to fix carbon dioxide from the atmosphere at night and by slowing the respiration of photosynthetic products back into CO_2 during the day. The result would be more food from the same plant for the same expenditure of energy.

Multiple cropping. A recent report by agricultural scientists to the National Science Foundation suggests that concentrated research on the technology for alternating two crops per year in the same fields could increase production by 50 to 75 percent in southern regions of the United States.

Genetic engineering. Recent progress in growing plant cells in cultures in the laboratory indicates that with further research it will be possible systematically to achieve asexual "wide crosses" between distinct crop species. The resulting plants would be genetically new species combining the desired characteristics of both parents. In this way crops could be custom-made to fit specific agricultural conditions and human needs.

Pest control. Pests eat more than enough of our crops, both before and after harvest, to rival the worst food deficits in history. The conventional use of poisons to control pests has inherent limitations as well as serious ecological side effects. The most promising alternatives, many specialists believe, are synthetic hormones and hormonelike chemicals that can kill insects by infiltrating and sabotaging their biochemical communication systems.

Animal reproduction. The production of meat and milk could be accelerated by increasing the reproductive efficiency of food animals. Scientists are working on techniques that will induce twin births in cattle and control the sex ratio of offspring, as well as improve their chances of survival. ◉

Anyone for Algae Alfredo?

Most schemes for improving the world's food supplies depend on slow advances in the agriculture of rice, wheat, corn—the traditional staffs of life. In recent years, however, the technologists have been cooking up an alternative food supply that avoids the farmer's familiar constraints of seed and soil, sunlight and water, the novel main course they propose for the menu of the future is single-cell protein —SCP for short—the generic name for a catalog of ubiquitous creatures including yeasts, bacteria, fungi, and algae. For thousands of years various of these one-celled micro-organisms have been making crucial contributions to the production of such edibles as wine, cheese, beer, bread, and yogurt; but until recently, little thought was given to SCP as a food in its own right.

But now that the best arable land is already under the plow, and hungry populations are increasingly vulnerable to the vicissitudes of traditional agriculture, single-cell protein offers some tempting advantages. Needing neither soil nor sunshine, SCPs thrive on things people don't eat, transforming such base substances as crude oil, organic wastes, even old newspapers, into food. Better yet, as much as 80 percent of the micro-organism is crude protein, compared to 20 percent of meat, 13 percent of eggs, and 4 percent of milk.

Best of all, like the appetizing shmoos in Al Capp's "L'il Abner," SCPs reproduce prodigiously and endlessly. Under optimum conditions, some bacteria double their number every thirty minutes: one bacterium at midnight becomes a multitude of 8 million by noon and an almost infinite 2^{47} by the end of the first day. While a half ton of beef, gluttonizing on expensive corn, can put on a mere pound of new protein in a day, a like amount of SCP, feeding on petroleum or wastes, can produce 100,000 pounds.

According to calculations by Emil A. Malick, president of Provesta Corporation, the SCP-making subsidiary of Phillips Petroleum, less than 6 percent of the world's petroleum and gas reserves, fed to the right micro-organisms, could theoretically provide 100 percent of the world's protein requirement. On a smaller scale, if SCP were fed to domestic animals, grains and other protein sources would be freed for human consumption; or, prepared in any number of appetizing recipes, it could alleviate humankind's protein shortage.

The obvious question is why, despite years of research and development by commercial corporations, university scientists, private foundations, and governments, SCP has not yet found its way to market. The answers, say the experts, are no longer technological but, rather, economic and cultural. The people most in need of additional protein are, of course, the people least able to pay for processed foods; they live or die on what they can grow themselves. The people who can afford an industrial product like SCP, in contrast, can also afford the meat, milk, and eggs they prefer. As a result, for the foreseeable future, such novel protein sources as single-cell protein will probably have only a minor impact on the world's food situation.

Meanwhile, the problems of hunger and malnutrition will have to be solved —if they are to be solved—by planting better seeds in better ways and then praying for rain. —A.W.

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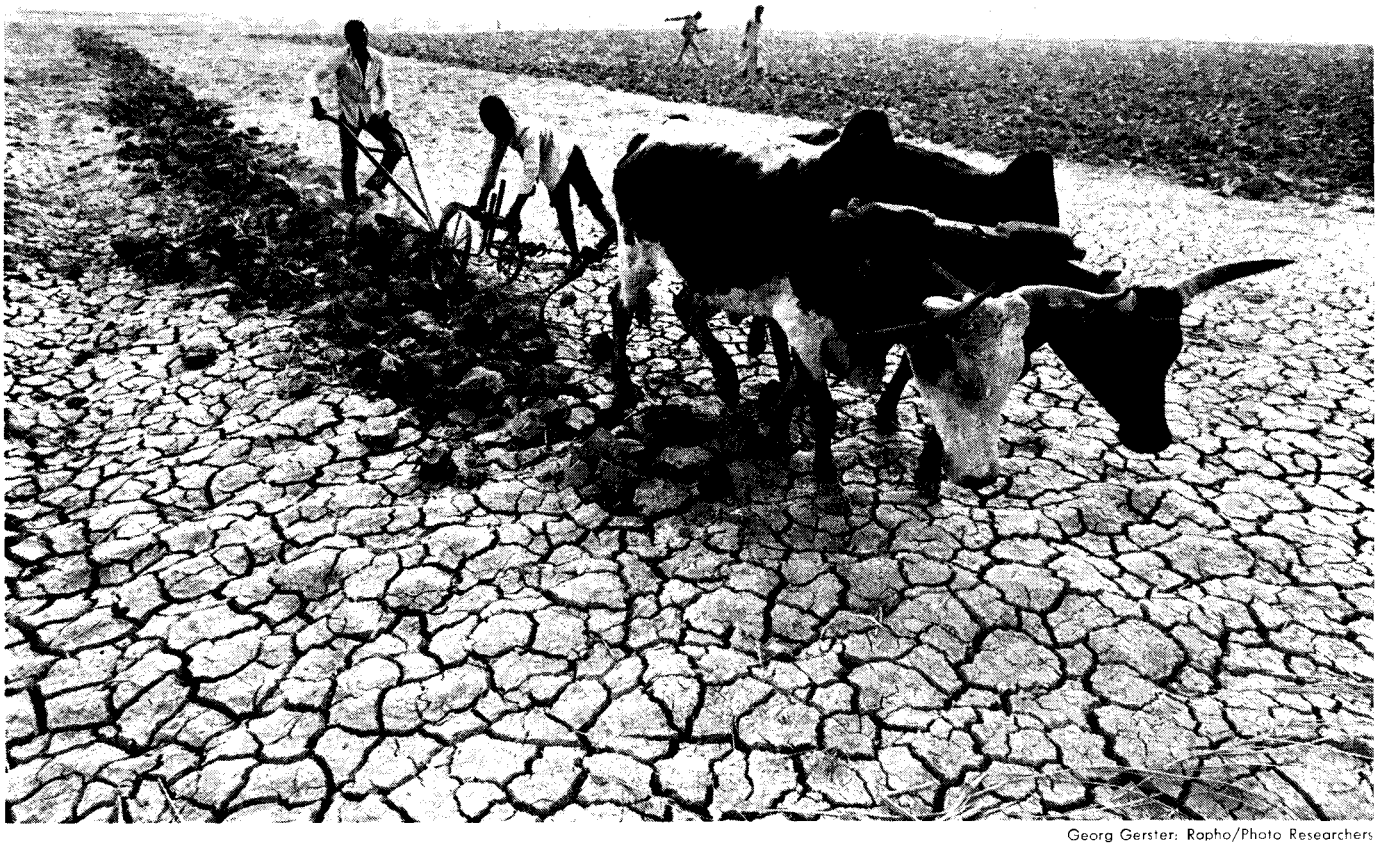

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Baked-earth farming in the Sahel—"Even a brief minor fluctuation in weather patterns can cause mass famine."

Weathering the Lean Years

Stockpiling of reserves against famine is mandatory—not because we know what the climate is going to do but because we don't know

by Robert Claiborne

FARMING, from the most primitive hoe culture to the most sophisticated agrotechnology, ultimately depends on the weather. We may till, fertilize, breed new plant strains, invent new machines—but if the rain does not fall or if the freezing winds blow, all our ingenuity and labor will go for naught. Irrigation agriculture may seem an exception to this rule—but though irrigated land needs no rain, it still needs water from wells or rivers, which originates as rain, scores or hundreds of miles away. The Seven Lean Years, for which Joseph stockpiled grain, were undoubtedly years in which the Nile, which then as now watered the fields of Egypt, failed to reach normal levels because of deficient rains in Ethiopia and in central Africa.

Robert Claiborne's books on scientific topics include Climate, Man and History *(W. W. Norton, 1970). He is also co-author, with Professor Rainer Erhart, of a forthcoming text on physical geography.*

The recent history of the African Sahel shows all too vividly that even a brief, minor fluctuation in weather patterns can cause mass famine. A somewhat larger shift, prolonged over a few decades, would devastate world food production, abolishing agriculture in the Sahel and in much of Pakistan and crippling it in parts of the northern United States, much of the Soviet Union, and most of Canada.

Long-term shifts in weather patterns, which we call changes in climate, have occurred repeatedly in the past, sometimes with destructive effects on human societies. They will unquestionably recur in the future—probably with even more severe consequences. The growth of world populations, plus the expansion of food production into regions only marginally suited to it, have linked humanity more tightly than ever to the *existing* pattern of climatic zones; any shift in those zones is bound to be disruptive at best, catastrophic at worst. This fact has given new urgency to the questions How much do we really know about what the climate is going to do? And what can we do about it? In both

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of these cases the answer, discouragingly, is Not very much.

In climatology, as in most other earth sciences, the past is the key to the present and future. Climatologists describe at least three broad categories of past climatic change, distinguished chiefly by the time scale on which they operate. The first type—the slow cooling and warming of the earth over periods measured in tens of millions of years—need not long detain us. It has happened several times in the earth's long history—most recently during the last 50 million years, when gradual cooling set the stage for the Ice Age. Its ultimate cause is believed to be changes in the earth's land masses generated by plate tectonics (continental drift)—changes utterly beyond our capacity to influence. The present ice age, marked by the periodic advance and retreat of great continental ice sheets, has lasted for something like a million years and, from all indications, will continue for many millions of years to come.

The second category of climatic change concerns the advances and retreats of the ice sheets themselves, processes measured not in tens of millions but in tens of thousands of years. At least four such advances occurred during the past million years, and perhaps more than twenty; the fact that climatologists still can't agree on the number is one indication of how poorly the processes are understood.

The leading candidate to explain glacial comings and goings is the Milankovich theory, named for the Serbian mathematician who developed it some sixty years ago. It is based on the fact that the earth's relationship to the sun—the shape of its orbit, the tilt of its axis—varies slightly over time. These changes do not alter the total amount of solar radiation received by the earth over the entire year, but they do alter somewhat the distribution of that radiation over different latitudes and seasons. The changes are too small in themselves to bring on an ice age, but climatologists theorize that even a slight drop in radiation could set off a feedback process that would produce an ice sheet. Their reasoning concerns albedo—the reflectivity of the earth's surface in a given area. Where albedo is high, most of the sun's radiation will be reflected back to space, leaving little to warm the earth and its atmosphere—and snow and ice have high albedo. Thus, it is reasoned, a slight drop in radiation at some critical season in some critical northern latitude would make for more widespread and more long-lasting snow cover. This, in turn, would raise the albedo of the region, further reducing temperatures, producing still more snow cover, and so on.

The reasoning is plausible enough; the trouble comes in identifying the critical latitude and season, since the pattern of radiation change—expressed as a "Milankovich curve"—varies with the area and season chosen. Many different curves have been calculated, for several hundred thousand years back, and some of them correlate well with other curves (derived by methods that need not concern us here) that show, or purport to show, actual changes in temperature over the same period. One cannot help noting, however, that climatologists tend to select the particular curve that best fits their own version of glacial events. Milankovich's original curve showed four major glaciations—which happened to be precisely the number then accepted by most geologists. Cesare Emiliani, of the University of Miami, sees at least twenty glaciations during the past half-million years—and his preferred version of the Milankovich curve correlates neatly with this pattern.

The third category of climatic changes is that covering periods ranging from a few millennia to a few decades. The lengthiest of these, lasting from about 6500 to 3500 B.C., is called the Climatic Optimum; during it much of the earth was both warmer and moister than at present. Large parts of the Sahara, for example, were grassland populated by such animals as antelopes and elephants. By around 3000 B.C., however, the Sahara had dried up, and a millennium later some regions may have become even drier than at present—a shift thought to have helped destroy the great civilization of the Indus Valley.

The centuries preceding the Christian era brought cooler times to Europe and moister ones to the Mediterranean region. The resulting improved agricultural conditions in Greece and Italy may have helped bring about the extraordinary success of classical civilization—even as a shift back to drier conditions early in the Christian era may have helped undermine it.

From about A.D. 800 to 1200, northern-hemisphere temperatures were again warmer than at present; this "Little Climatic Optimum," bringing better growing conditions to Northern Europe, may have helped launch the great Scandinavian expansion, manifested in Viking piracy and conquest from Ireland to Russia, and in Norse settlements in Iceland and Greenland. A swing back to cooler conditions wiped out the Norsemen in Greenland by about 1500, and still cooler weather between 1550 and 1850 almost did the same in Iceland, where grain growing had to be abandoned until the 1920s. This "Little Ice Age" was followed by milder conditions over much of the world, peaking around 1950, since which time temperatures have fallen slightly.

EXPLANATIONS for these relatively short-term shifts in climate—all with obvious implications for agriculture—are legion, mostly plausible, and invariably unproved. The problem is that accurate records of weather conditions date back, at best, no more than a few centuries, so that relationships between weather changes and other changes, though real enough, may be mere coincidence.

One of the more promising theories relates short-term climatic change to variations in the sun's energy output. This is often expressed as a quantity called the solar constant but, in fact, is known to be "constant" only within about 1 or 2 percent—and, so far as anyone knows, may vary even more. In particular, the "constant" seems to vary with the number of sunspots. The Little Ice Age, for example, was undoubtedly a period abnormally low in spots, whereas increases in spots since 1850 correlate with warming temperatures. Similar but more tenuous associations between sunspots and temperature have been traced back almost to the beginning of the Christian era.

An alternative or additional theory of climatic change relates it to volcanic eruptions. These can load the stratosphere with millions of tons of fine dust, which can remain there for years. Such dust would presumably lower temperatures by blocking out part of the incoming sunlight. Again, periods of high volcanic activity seem also to be periods of cooler temperatures—but comprehensive records of eruptions carry us back less than two centuries.

To these natural factors that may or may not influence the climate must now be added human factors. One of these is the release of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere

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through the burning of fossil fuels. This gas is a major participant in the atmosphere's so-called greenhouse effect, whereby much of the long-wave—heat—radiation emitted by the earth is trapped by certain constituents of the atmosphere, thus raising its temperature. There seems no doubt that an increase in atmospheric carbon dioxide, such as occurred with the industrial expansion of the past century, should have increased world temperatures, and this was what happened between about 1880 and 1950. At that point, however, temperatures turned down again, though industry, automobiles, and home furnaces have continued to generate carbon dioxide at ever-increasing rates.

Some climatologists, such as Reid Bryson, of the University of Wisconsin, believe that this downturn was caused by another human product: dust. Mechanized agriculture and

Culver

Dust Bowl, 1934—"Making for cooler temperatures."

construction activities, they believe, have added to the stratosphere much dust, which, like volcanic dust, makes for cooler temperatures.

All these theories are plausible as applied to temperatures in the northern hemisphere. Recent reports indicate, however, that the pattern of temperatures was almost reversed in large parts of the southern hemisphere, with temperatures *dropping* from 1880 to about 1940 and then rising to near-record levels.

Yet another type of man-made climatic change may be caused by overgrazing of subarid regions. This reduces the vegetation cover and therefore the "effective" rainfall—that is, the amount of moisture the soil is able to retain. But it may also, through a number of complex meteorological mechanisms, decrease *actual* rainfall, which further reduces vegetation, and so on. Bryson has suggested that this process, combined with a natural shift toward a drier climate, helped destroy the Indus Valley civilization; others believe it may have helped trigger the recent drought in the Sahel, where overgrazing was undoubtedly common over the preceding decades.

That human activities are influencing the climate seems probable, but estimates of their influence are hampered by our ignorance of the causes of *natural* climatic change—which occurred many times before industrialization, mechanized agriculture, and the like. That is, since we don't know what the climate would have done in the absence of human activity, we cannot tell to what extent this activity has produced the changes that actually occurred.

Given all these uncertainties, predictions of what the climate is going to do in the future cannot be much better than guesswork. Long-term trends in sunspots are unpredictable and so are volcanic eruptions. And while both carbon dioxide and man-made atmospheric dust will surely increase, we don't know whether their net effect will be to raise temperatures, lower them, or simply cancel each other out.

GIVEN our still-profound ignorance of the processes of climatic change, climatologists have been thrown back on what is called the actuarial approach—a fancy term for the misnamed law of averages. Bryson, a notable climatic pessimist, points out that the years 1930–60 were the most favorable for agriculture in nearly a thousand years; hence any change is likely to be for the worse. This is true—but it tells us nothing about when the change will occur. The previous favorable period—the Little Climatic Optimum—lasted not for thirty years but for more than 300, whereas the one before that—the Climatic Optimum—lasted for some 3,000. Both were doubtless punctuated by relatively unfavorable periods, comparable to those of the late 1960s and the 1970s, but the favorable conditions returned. There is no actuarial reason to suppose that they won't return this time—or that they will.

Assuming that climates do take a turn for the worse, what, if anything, can we do about it? Perhaps the best-known technique of weather control is cloud-seeding—the injection into clouds of certain substances that, under certain circumstances, can trigger snowfall or rainfall. Currently this technique is far from reliable, though it could doubtless be improved with further research. More to the point, it will not work at all except in a particular type of atmospheric situation called instability. Given instability, a slight "push" from seeding may set off a shower; without it nothing will happen. And in the world's great desert or semidesert areas, the air is stable most or all of the year—hence seeding would be pointless. In addition, even unstable air can be made to release *only such moisture as is already there*. Over Nevada, for example, the air has already lost most of its moisture in crossing the Sierras or the Rockies—so cloud-seeding can produce little or no rain there.

If some sort of instability is the necessary condition of weather modification, are there perhaps other, larger areas of instability in which (as in cloud-seeding) relatively modest human inputs could trigger much larger changes? One such area may be the pack ice of the Arctic Ocean. This ice is thin, ranging from some ten feet thick in winter to a mere six feet in summer—but exerts a disproportionate effect on the climate of the region because of its high albedo.

Some climatologists believe that the ice pack is unstable, in the sense that even a modest reduction in the amount of ice could set up a feedback process: less ice would mean greater absorption of sunlight by the Arctic Ocean, which would warm its waters, thereby melting more ice, and so on. No fewer than three seemingly predictable methods have been proposed whereby this process could be started:

1. Damming Bering Strait (which is both narrow and shallow) and pumping Arctic water across the dam, thereby pulling in warmer water from the Atlantic.

2. Reversing the flow (with dams) of major rivers now

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emptying into the Arctic Ocean, such as the Mackenzie, in Canada, and the Ob, Yenisei, and Lena, in Siberia. This would cut the supply of fresh water to the Arctic Ocean, and since fresh water freezes more readily than salt water, the buildup of pack ice in winter would presumably be slowed down.

3. Spraying soot (from planes) over a million square miles of pack ice. This would reduce the albedo of the ice to the point where the sun might be able to melt it.

We cannot be certain, however, that any of these methods would actually melt any substantial amount of pack ice—or, if it did, what the ultimate results would be. The Arctic would almost certainly become warmer, at least for a while, because removing ice from part of the ocean would reduce albedo in that area and would also increase evaporation; this, in combination with other mechanisms, would make for more storms and cloud cover in winter, "insulating" the region against heat loss during the long polar nights. The warming trend might well extend far enough south to open large areas in Canada and Siberia to agriculture. So far, so good.

But the increased storminess would also thicken snow cover around the Arctic coast—which could set off its own feedback process, leading to another ice age. So far, so bad.

The Greenland ice cap might grow thicker from heavier snows, but the only likely result of this would be more icebergs in the North Atlantic—a mere navigational nuisance. So far, not so bad.

Alternatively, however, higher temperatures in the Arctic might *shrink* the ice cap—and set off yet another feedback process, which could melt it completely. The addition of that much water to the oceans would raise their levels by some twenty to thirty feet—enough to swamp most of the world's coastal areas. So far, not good at all. Herman Kahn has recently opined that melting the ice cap "would not mean the end of human society." It would, however, mean the partial or total abandonment of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Miami, New Orleans, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Seattle—not to mention London, Amsterdam, Hamburg, Stockholm, Leningrad, Lisbon, Rio, Alexandria, Tokyo, Shanghai, Calcutta, Bombay, Sydney, and a hundred smaller coastal cities. One is reminded of General Buck Turgidson's classic reassurance in *Dr. Strangelove* that the United States could survive a nuclear war even though it might "muss our hair a little."

A FEW years ago, Roscoe Brahm, of the University of Chicago, described the current state of the art in weather modification as "one finger on the throttle of nature's weather machine." So fragmentary is our knowledge of the machine, he declared, "that we may not yet have identified the throttle handle. . . . Even to the extent to which we have identified the throttle, in many situations we do not know which way to push it for an overall beneficial effect; moreover, in the best situations our grip on the throttle is a very tenuous one." He was talking primarily about small-scale weather-control, but his remarks apply no less forcefully to larger projects, such as melting the Arctic ice.

If we don't know what the climate is going to do, and if present possibilities for manipulating it are either trivial or forbiddingly dangerous, just what *should* we do? Climatologists such as Bryson and Stephen H. Schneider, of the National Center for Atmospheric Research, have proposed the "Genesis strategy": the stockpiling of grain by major producing nations as a reserve against the coming "lean years," an event that Bryson, at least, believes is imminent. I think they are right, but for the wrong reasons. Reserves against famine are needed, not because we know precisely what the climate is going to do but because we don't know. Whether overall climates improve, deteriorate, or remain the same, the lean years are going to come—as the "benign" period of 1930–60 saw the Dust Bowl years of the 1930s and another drought in the same area during the 1950s. And preparation for such years requires a federal agricultural policy geared to expectable long-term world food requirements rather than to short-term profits of agriconglomerates and grain dealers.

A second essential step is to recognize that climatically marginal lands, such as the Sahel and parts of our own Plains and Southwestern states, are ecologically fragile and must be treated as such. Overcultivation or overgrazing may or may not reduce actual rainfall in such areas, but it unquestionably lowers effective rainfall, thereby setting off a vicious circle of land destruction, the correction of which may require decades. If, for example, herds on marginal land are permitted to grow up to or beyond its *optimum* carrying capacity, as occurred in the Sahel, the result will be economic and nutritional catastrophe when conditions fall below the optimum—as, of course, they always do.

YET another implication is the need for more intensive research on the global weather machine. Schneider has pointed out that no long-term, high-precision measurement of the sun's energy output has been attempted from space—a situation that he aptly compares to "a family or business trying to prepare a budget without precise knowledge of their economic income." Measuring atmospheric processes with precision is expensive, and understanding those processes is fiendishly difficult—but failure to do these things could mean death for millions.

Most important of all, perhaps, is the need to somehow hammer into the skulls of government policymakers some basic facts of climatology and ecology. Schneider has eloquently described how he and Bryson tried to do this with notable lack of success vis-à-vis the politically motivated Pollyannas of the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

Official obtuseness in this area becomes even more understandable when one realizes that even the "non-political" advice on which the government relies can be grossly ignorant. Recently I read a CIA report entitled "A Study of Climatological Research as It Pertains to Intelligence Problems"; it is one of the most scientifically illiterate documents I have ever seen. To give just one example of many, it cites "two major reasons" why the sun's energy is unevenly distributed over the earth, but omits the most important reason: the fact that the earth is round. The report is also historically illiterate and in spots just plain illiterate. If the government must rely on "intelligence" of this caliber, in climatology or in any other area, then God help us!

Officials, in common with many of their constituents, notoriously prefer simple, reassuring explanations to complex and alarming ones. The mechanisms and possibilities of climatic change, both those we understand and especially those we don't, are neither simple nor reassuring. But they are still realities—which we ignore at our peril. ◉

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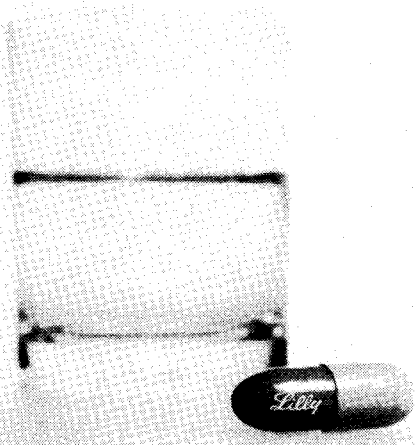

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Godhead Revisited

Genius and Lust: A Journey Through the Major Writings of Henry Miller
by Norman Mailer
Grove Press, 578 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by John W. Aldridge

NORMAN MAILER somehow found the time while working on the most expensively subsidized unpublished novel in recent history to bring together, and to prepare critical introductions for, various selections from what he believes to be the best of Henry Miller's writings. Until the early Sixties, many of these works—notably *Tropic of Cancer*, *Black Spring*, and *Tropic of Capricorn*—were banned from publication in this country on the grounds of obscenity, although they had enjoyed circulation abroad and among American connoisseurs of dirty books.

As a result of the legal prohibitions, Lawrence Durrell's *The Henry Miller Reader*, the most substantial of the earlier collections, was issued in 1959 without excerpts from books that are now generally considered, along with the entirely inoffensive *The Colossus of Maroussi*, to represent Miller's most important work. Hence, Mailer's first motive in offering this new collection was to take advantage of the relaxed vigilance of the courts and reprint portions of some of these hitherto contraband books as well as others in the hope that they may have a chance of being appreciated for the qualities of art he perceives in them. He also wanted to pay tribute to Miller in his eighty-fifth year and to use the occasion to argue his case for Miller as one of the major, albeit neglected, writers of the literary generation whose greater representatives he has managed to outlive.

John W. Aldridge, a professor of English at the University of Michigan, is the author of a number of critical books, most recently The Devil in the Fire: Retrospective Essays on American Literature and Culture, 1951–1971.

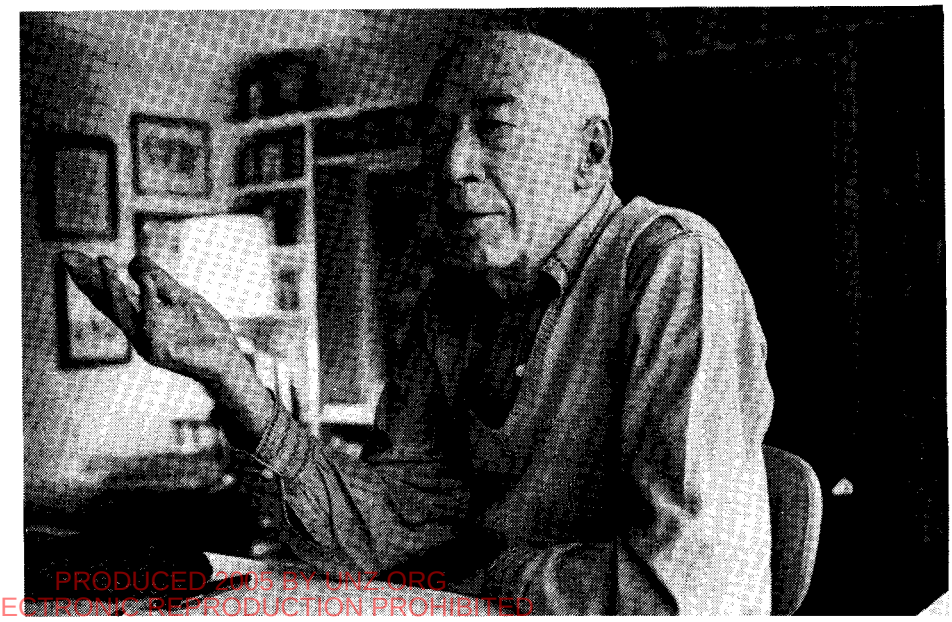
There is attractive filial devotion in all this on the part of a younger writer who owes his elder a very large debt of influence and who resembles him in some rather remarkable ways. Mailer may be forgiven for claiming considerably more for Miller than many of us would be disposed to support without hedging our assent with a host of cowardly cavils and self-vindicating discriminations. Yet it is perfectly true that Miller's reputation after all these years of notoriety is still by no means securely established either with the critics or with the general reading public. It exists, as Mailer suggests, in a strange kind of vacuum, and whether for reasons of temperament, the odd fuzziness of his public image, or the several decades during which his books were read for their extraliterary attributes, Miller remains a mysterious, vaguely appealing, but somehow unenviable quantity in our literature.

This is not, however, at all the same as saying that Miller continues to suffer neglect. He has survived the extremely protracted period of his obscurity to see all his books become lawfully available and sources of comfortable income. In addition to the Durrell volume, there now exist three other anthologies containing selections from his work, as well as a good many collections of his letters—to Durrell, Anaïs Nin, and other literary friends. Since the early Sixties, at least a half-dozen book-length studies and two substantial volumes of critical essays about him have appeared, and according to a recent report, he has been the subject of eleven doctoral dissertations and a number of shorter critiques, reviews, and reminiscences. Still, it must be admitted that as Miller's books have ceased to be controversial, they have not gained in interest. The scholars assimilating him into the canon of standard modern authors may in fact be applying their particular form of the coup de grace, recognizing that he has at last become respectably historical, if not indisputably eminent, and so is eligible for admission to the hallowed vaults of scholarly entombment.

IN ANY event, it may be possible now after the passage of years and the lifting of censorship to separate the excellent from the dreadful in his work (there is a great abundance of both) and to arrive at some understanding of the factors that have helped to create the anomaly of his position at this time. First it should be said that Miller is a writer whose literary quality has been at any moment largely determined by the nature and intensity of his feelings about a particular subject. To him there is very little, if any, separation between the man who suffers or hates, lusts or loves, and the mind that creates, just as there is no effective way of separating Henry Miller the man and the writer from any of his various fictional personae, whether they are called Henry Miller, Val, or any other name. Thus, when he felt extravagantly and positively, he tended to give way to gush, sentimentality, and pon-

Henry Miller—"A mysterious, vaguely appealing quantity in our literature."

Wide World



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tification—elements that flawed his otherwise quite magnificent book on Greece, *The Colossus of Maroussi.* When, on the other hand, he felt little or negatively, he could be detached, derisive, and as cuttingly heartless as a suicidal court jester. At such moments he was capable of writing like the best who ever wrote.

This is probably why some of his most successful and authentic work is about sex and the Brooklyn world of his childhood. Toward the former he seems to have felt a tremendous cruel hilarity in the face of the grisly horniness of it all. Toward the latter he experienced an at times overpowering repugnance that was mitigated, however, by his sense of the pathos of the life led by, and foisted upon him by, his grim German-Lutheran parents: a mother whose emotional range was precisely defined by her obsession with picking the lint off the clothes of her children, and a father who was driven to seek such meager alternative vitality as he could find in drinking with business cronies through long afternoons of truancy from his tailoring shop. In portions of *Black Spring* and in the incomparable *Sunday After the War,* Miller describes these people "who . . . never once had . . . opened the door which leads to the soul, never once did . . . dream of taking a blind leap into the dark." These were people who, in symbolizing all that he despised about the bourgeois life, helped to create him in the rabidly adversary role that he defended from then on with a puritan rectitude at least equal to theirs.

Like so many American writers of his generation, Miller formed his artistic premises in the matrix of the subversive, on a fanatical commitment to a doctrine of total personal freedom and the most unsettling honesty about himself and his emotions—whatever, in fact, represented an engagement of life antithetical to the hypocrisies of official society. Also he was, as it seems now, fortunately placed in history to become the sort of man and writer his radical metaphysics required him to be. At a time when, for the provincial American, raw experience in and for itself seemed equivalent to ascension to Godhead, Miller became a supreme cultist and chronicler of the rawest experience conceivable. At a time when the prevailing bigotries deemed it obscene for writers to describe the bodily functions in the language commonly used for them, Miller dedicated himself to becoming the world's first artistically serious writer of pornographic novels. At a time when reason and repression were still the dominant features of established culture, Miller became a champion of the unfettered libidinous self and treated the sex act as if it were a triumphant dance on the grave of the righteous.

But what is perhaps most striking about Miller is that, in the service of his nihilism, he has been able to revert to a state of total infantile irresponsibility, existing in that state not only without the slightest twinge of conscience but with the most astonishing happiness. This more than anything may well be what has helped estrange him from American readers, for he has tended to play far too cheerfully and guiltlessly the complete bastard for us to love him very much. It would seem that we can accept such a man only so long as we have reason to suspect that in some as yet unpolluted part of himself he is conscious of violating principles he knows to be right. The quite honorable French tradition of the flaneur is alien to us, and particularly odious is one who is a professional idler in everything except copulation and the writing of filthy books. We may salivate over his descriptions of sex, yet despise him for refusing to treat sex with the requisite moral seriousness and respect. For Miller saw the sex act as one of the funniest routines in the human vaudeville, and he also saw it, in the form of its usual practice in the bohemian world he knew, as one of the most obvious symptoms of the emotional illness of modern culture, which had evolved from a state of miserable repressiveness to a state of moral anesthesia without ever attaining a

---

Wit Twister No. 84
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 61.

The ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
strained his eyes to see the train
On which her ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
___ ___ first had found their way.
He blessed each ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
___ ___ bedded on the plain,
For on their backs she sped toward
him that day.

A. S.

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genuine revolution of feeling. It is true that he was himself in some large degree a sufferer from the same disability. Mailer correctly observes that Miller could not write about sex with love, for sex finally was copulation, and in the sadly impoverished lexicon of good-old-American-boyism, love was something felt for an ideal woman, a virginal image one worshiped in fantasy while one copulated with whores who were all other women.

Yet Miller in his best work has always been able to transcend the sordidness implicit in this view. What saves him is his joyfulness in the face of the sordid, his power to find high pleasure in the sexual comedy and positively to revel in the detritus thrown off by the process of the world's dissolution. Unlike his French contemporary Céline, to whom the ugliness of the bodily functions was a prime indication that life was disgusting, Miller delighted in such ugliness because it was for him an affirmation of the vitality of life at a time when the forces of technology were hard at work regimenting, purifying, and intellectualizing life out of existence.

It is fitting that Mailer in particular should have chosen to reintroduce Miller through this admirable collection to an audience that has not previously responded to him with very much enthusiasm. As I have said, Mailer and Miller resemble each other in several important ways—in their shared outrage at the totalitarianism of modern machine society; at the displacement of instinct by scientific methodology, spontaneous emotion by the calculated determinations of the will, individuality by the mass standardizations of the modern egalitarian state. They are also closely similar in their common desire—expressed in formal ideological terms by Mailer, through textual implication by Miller—to foment rebellion against these deadly processes and, partly through the deliberate cultivation of obscenity, to do what they can to restore the integrity and vitality of the subliminal self.

It is also fitting at just this time, when we are well advanced into the era of the sexual technocrat, the engineers of the clitoral and the simultaneous orgasm, the programmers of the computable intricacies of oral and digital foreplay, that we should be reminded by two of our major writers that an alternative possibility once existed and may yet exist, that the frontier of sexual adventure, mystery, risk, lust, and even spontaneous pleasure may still, for those of us daring and heretical enough, be open to exploration. ◉

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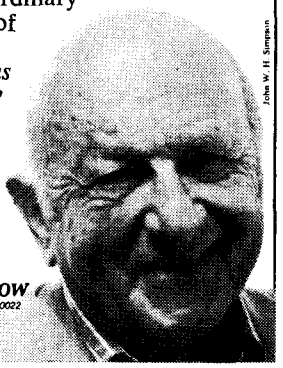

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Alone Together

Of Woman Born: Motherhood as Experience and Institution
by Adrienne Rich
Norton, 318 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Jill Tweedie

I CANNOT honestly say I enjoy reading the ever-burgeoning genre of books that deal with a woman's lot. I suspect that the writers themselves do not much enjoy writing them. "I did not choose this subject," says Adrienne Rich of her new book, *Of Woman Born: Motherhood as Experience and Institution.* "It had long ago chosen me." And so say most of us. It is no fun, this reaching back, yea, even unto the green glades of the goddess, this raising of the spirits of women long gone. Faintly come their sobs and cries across the generations to assault our ears, and we are understandably appalled at the conjured vision of aeons of everyday suffering.

Perhaps this is why so many feminist writers, reeling back from the anguished ghosts they have summoned to their cause, take refuge in the bolt-holes of statistics, sociology, history, economics, in the calms of academe. Of course it is essential that the individual catastrophe be related to the patriarchal system responsible, but the facts—woman as property, woman as slave, woman as sexual Lilith and asexual Virgin—are now so well known, at least to those who are ever likely to care, that their repetition has become something of an irritant. So I wish that Rich, secure in her poet's armor, had stuck more closely to motherhood as Experience and turned her back more firmly on motherhood as Institution. The two, for polemic purposes, are anyway indivisible—all books dealing with woman must basically deal with her biological function.

Nevertheless, enough of the motherhood experience—and, equally valuable, the daughter experience—comes across to make *Of Woman Born* a vital addition to a feminist library. There are pitifully few books as yet that touch the subject, and it is the one aspect of femininity that is essential male reading, too. It still takes both sexes to produce a child, and it would be heartening to think that men were at least interested in their partners' likely reactions to the production.

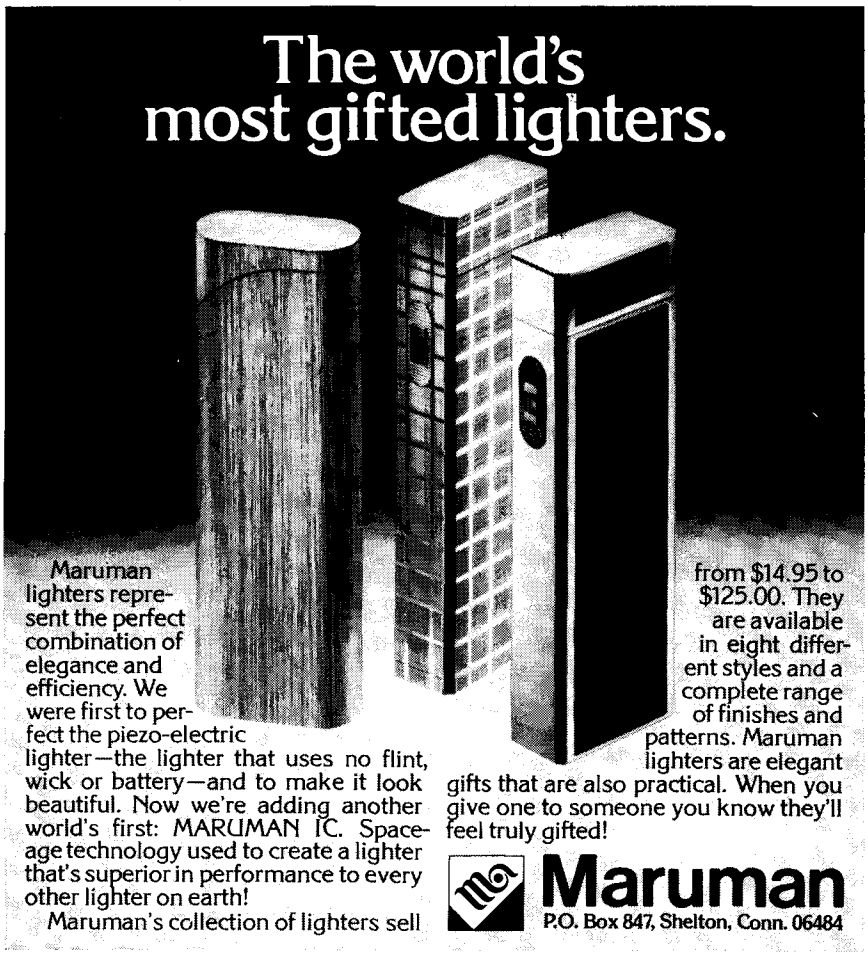
On the first page, in an excerpt from her journal of the time, Rich sets out the core of her own reaction to young motherhood:

> My children cause me the most exquisite suffering of which I have any experience. It is the suffering of ambivalence; the murderous alternation between bitter resentment and raw-edged nerves and blissful gratification and tenderness. . . . I remember early the sense of conflict, of a battleground none of us had chosen.

Ms. Rich, I remember that, too. This is powerlessness at its most damaging for all concerned, the subtle mental or most-brutal physical coercion that forces a woman to give birth and forces children to be born and then locks the victims together, alone, to cope as best they may. The extremes of mother-child isolation are a twentieth-century refinement upon an old story. Rich's particular conflict is that of a creative woman only just beginning to find a voice when the shackles descend. Nameless generations of women had the fearsome burden of illimitable pregnancies and the constant threat of death itself at childbirth, but I am tempted to think that they had at least one comfort, other than the extended family, that our generations lack—they could see no light at the end of the procreative tunnel. We can, however fitfully it flickers, and so for us even the masochistic easing of hopelessness is not available. We are in limbo, able to glimpse heaven but still only halfway from hell.

Rich describes her limbo well: the loneliness; the fierce struggle to preserve

Jill Tweedie lives in London, where she writes a column for The Guardian.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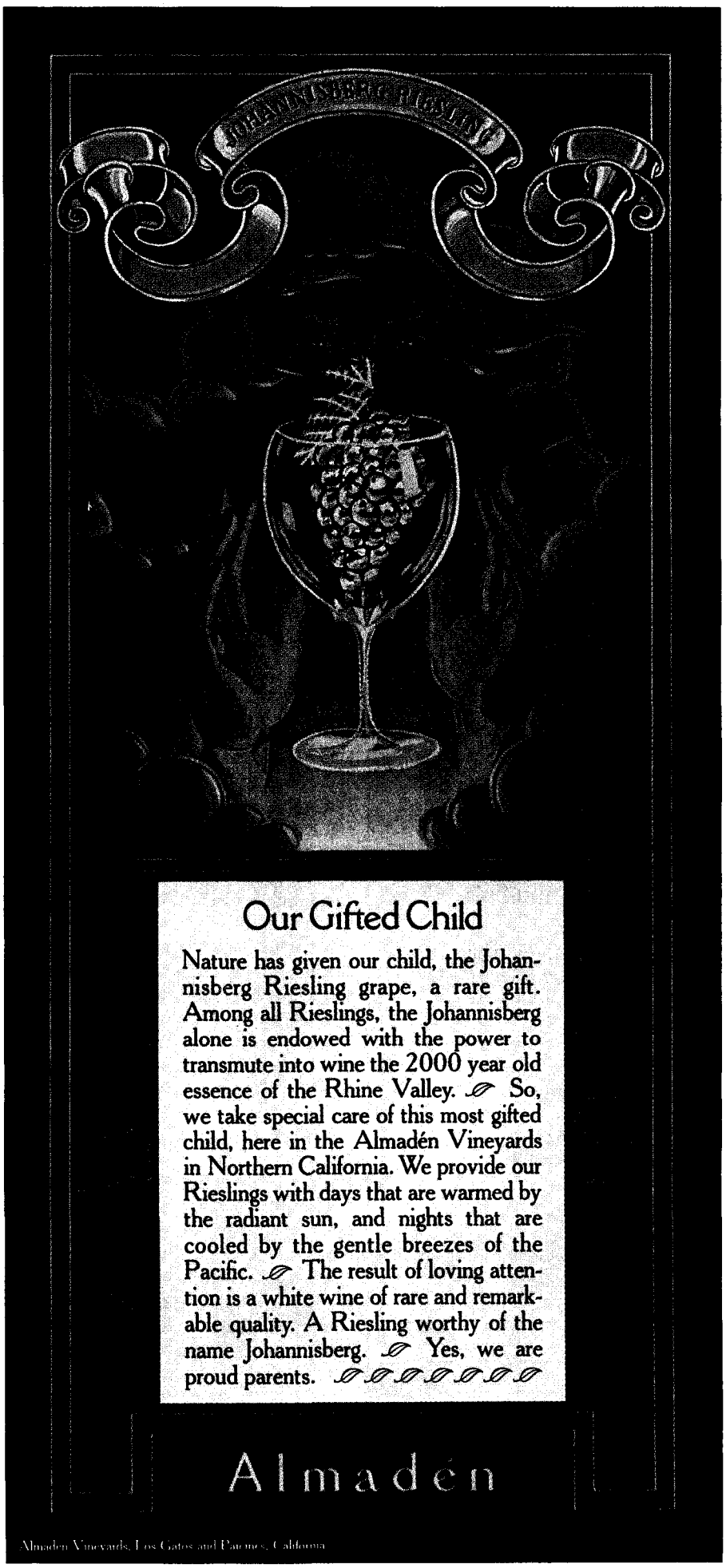
some shreds of independence, however internal; the continual and at times overwhelming guilt when patience is at an end and the children must take the brunt of frustration; the never-ending sense of responsibility that hangs like an albatross around the sinning maternal neck. Which of us as mothers have not experienced this:

> The child might be absorbed in busyness, in his own dreamworld; but as soon as he felt me gliding into a world that did not include him, he would come to pull at my hand. . . . It was as if an invisible thread would pull taut between us and break, to the child's sense of inconsolable abandonment, if I moved—not even physically but in spirit—into a realm beyond our tightly circumscribed life together.
>
> I waited with impatience for the moment when their father would return from work, when for an hour or two at least the circle drawn around mother and children would grow looser, the intensity between us slacken, because there was another adult in the house. . . . I did not understand that this circle, this magnetic field in which we lived, was not a natural phenomenon.

This is today's patriarchal sentence, the cruel century when "the idea of full-time, exclusive motherhood took root." But for all that, Rich documents the agonies and hazards of pre-twentieth-century motherhood vividly enough to arouse some sense of proportion in the reader, if not in herself, the writer. She, sadly, is too much the committed feminist ever to admit that some part of the experience of motherhood has improved, and this is tiresome.

THOUGH she carefully outlines (with ample help from Suzanne Arms's *Immaculate Deception: A New Look at Childbirth in America*) the ghastly decades when, through male authoritarianism, ignorance, and indifference, women died like flies in cesspit hospitals, where male hands daubed with the pus of corpses probed them (in Lombardy during one year, not one woman survived childbirth), she ends that hideous chapter of motherhood's valley of the shadow with a touch of paranoia: "The two hundred years of puerperal fever were coming to an end. The age of anesthetized, technologized childbirth was beginning."

Yes, yes, but let us at least draw one breath of relief between. Let us not merely acknowledge but thank our stars for such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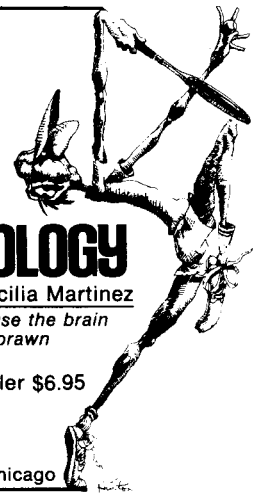
men as Ignaz Semmelweis, who first saw the connection between filth and fever and lost his sanity for his belief. If it had not been for dreaded males like Semmelweis, Lister, and Pasteur, Rich herself might not have survived to catalog the crimes against mothers. Though women died at the hands of patriarchs, later they also lived. Progress is achingly slow but not impossible; men have acted most horribly but are salvageable. Hatred is easily invoked, but it is a brick wall shutting out hope.

Still Rich, out of her anger, manages small miracles. I would have sworn that there were no fresh arguments to use against the rogue emotions and hefty lobbying power of the Right-to-Lifers. Rich has whipped up a formidable array. With inarguable logic she exposes the anti-abortion plea of respect for human life and shows it for what it is, not only deceitful and hypocritical but charged with an almost lunatic evasion of reality.

"Abortion legislation has always come and gone with the rhythms of economic and military aggression, the desire for cheap labor or for greater consumerism." The injunction to women in pre-Christian Rome was to expose their girl babies or, more tragical still, to anoint their nipples with poison to kill the unwanted female. This practice was in effect through the Middle Ages and up to the end of the eighteenth century, when maternal infanticide was the most common crime in Western Europe. The Soviet Union was vacillating between abortion factories and sudden illegality when the confrontation came with Nazi Germany. Later, Japan rescinded a liberal abortion law when the supply of cheap labor was threatened. The cynicism and absolute indifference with which "life" or the wishes of mothers have been, and still are, treated make the anti-abortion crusaders purveyors of the cheapest cloud-cuckoo-land sentimentality.

And Rich's chapter on the relationship between mothers and daughters would alone be reason enough to cherish her book. Though her conclusions relate to a fairly confined world (the English working-class woman's ties with her mother, for instance, outlast all others), within it she has great insight. The mother, she says, "identifies intensely with her daughter but through weakness, not through strength." It is this observed weakness that sets the daughter up, frames her, for the weary circle of feminine deprivation. "A mother's victimization [and submission to that victimization] . . . does not merely humiliate her but it mutilates the daughter who watches her for clues

Valuable advice and tips.
—Vic Seixas



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as to what it means to be a woman."

So the vicious circle begins, as potently now as ever. The mother, victim, fills her daughter with rage or with resignation, neither much of a launching pad to easy liberation. Passivity on her mother's part slides her imperceptibly into the same subjugated state; rage makes her identify with her father and feel contempt for her mother. Payment, later, is extracted in alienation from herself; being forced to choose between mother and father deprives her of proper choice. There is a touching quote from Lillian Smith, telling how she learned to extinguish her love for her black nanny because society began to whisper that the nanny, being black, was not worthy of that love. "The culture," adds Rich, "makes it clear that neither the black mother, nor the white mother, nor any of the other mothers, are 'worthy' of our profoundest love and loyalty. Women are made taboo to women. . . . In breaking this taboo, we are reuniting with our mothers."

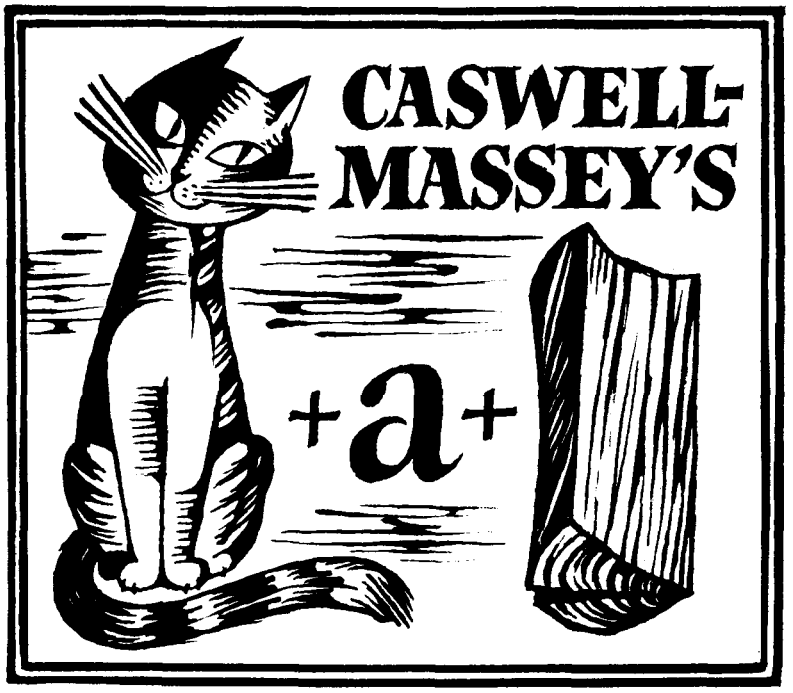
Of Woman Born is not poetically written, perhaps because Rich plows the feminist field so carefully—I have an uneasy feeling that Rich had an uneasy feeling that she might be defrocked if she became too personal and strayed from the Movement line. Nature it was that played the cruelest trick on women, making us pay for our sexual pleasures with pain and chains and, often, death. Men merely (and literally) capitalized on nature's indifference, compounded it, used it for their own ends. Nevertheless, I would not have missed Rich's insights into this exploitation. ◉

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 71

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 63.

IGY CNTY UBTVWQX OUBZYO JNR UTN-DWAY, IGY CNTY ZBTO SWFF ZNCY IN LWFF IGYC. WI WO FWVY LYYAWQX UW-XYNQO.

—GRXG ZBOONQ



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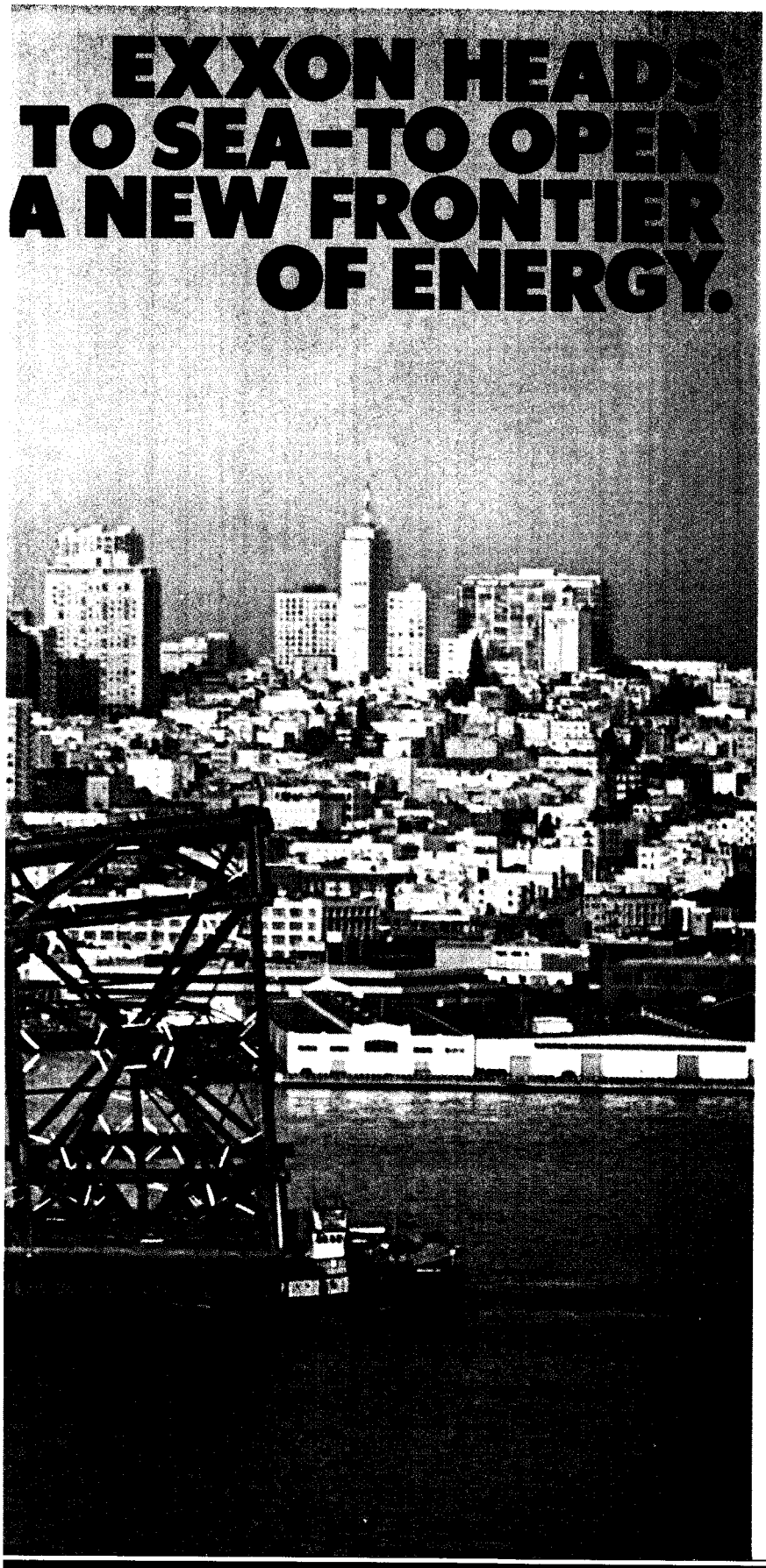

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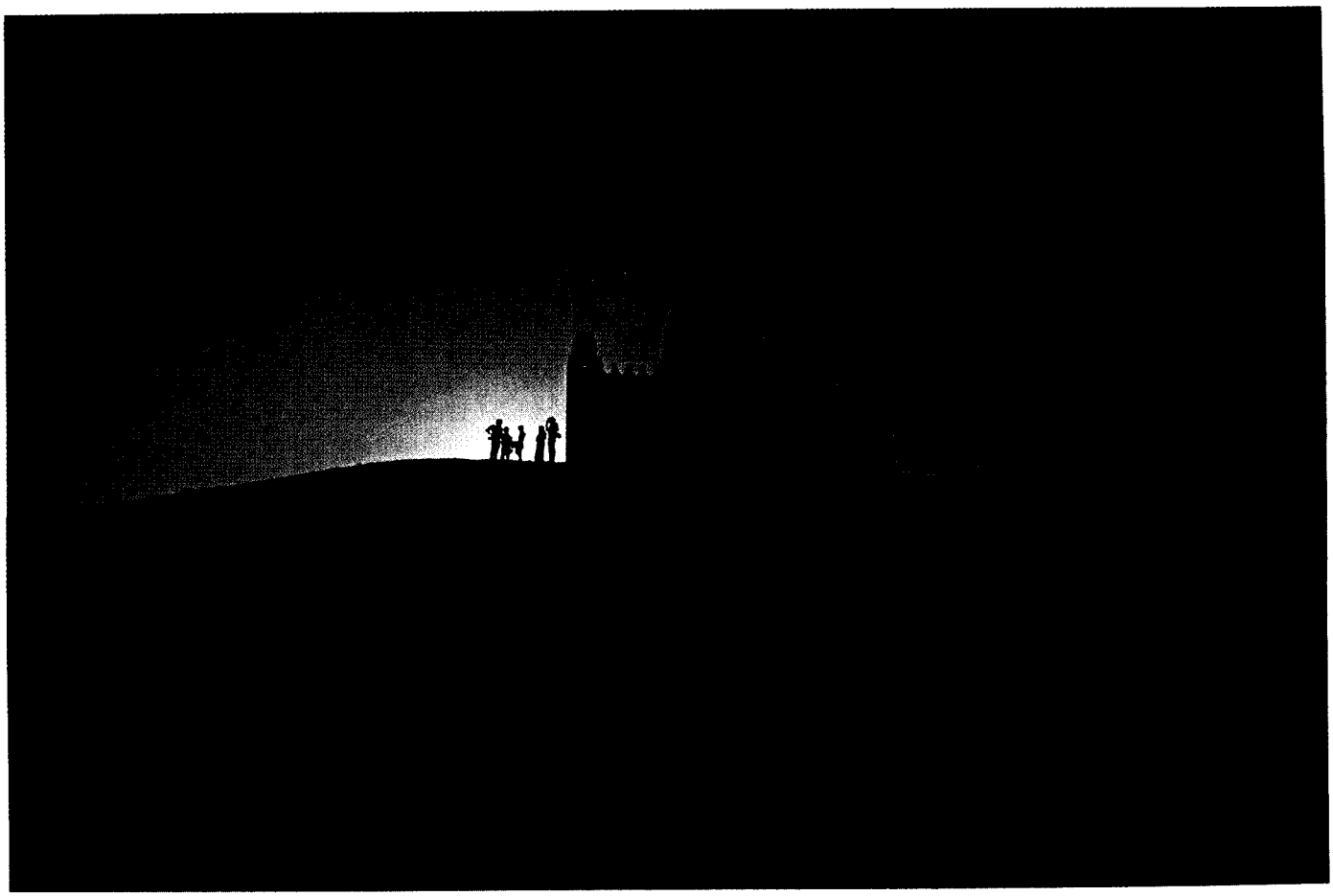

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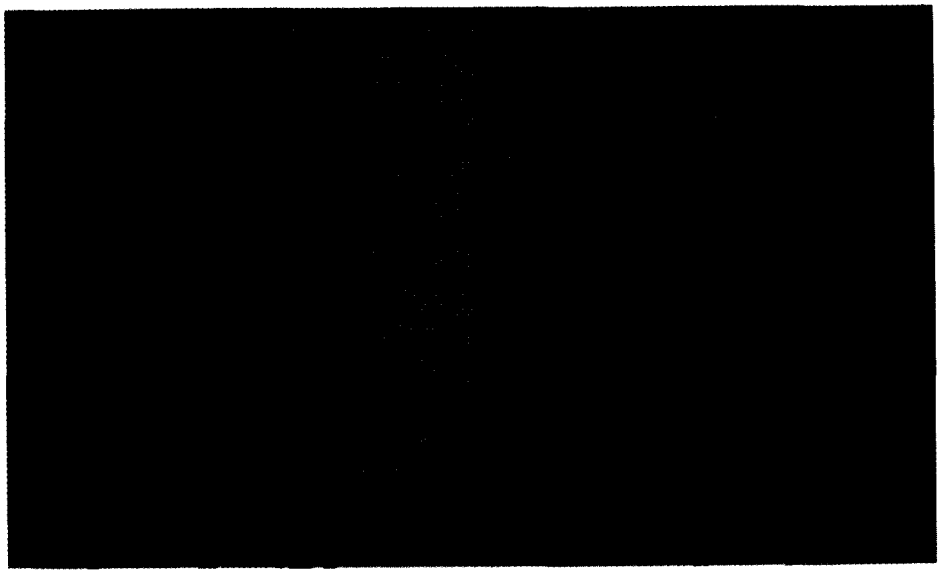

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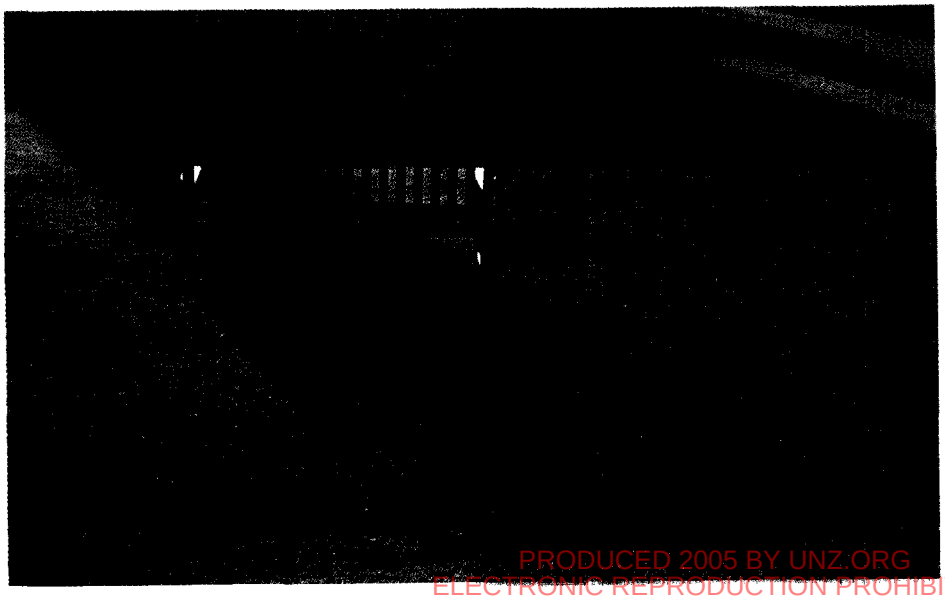

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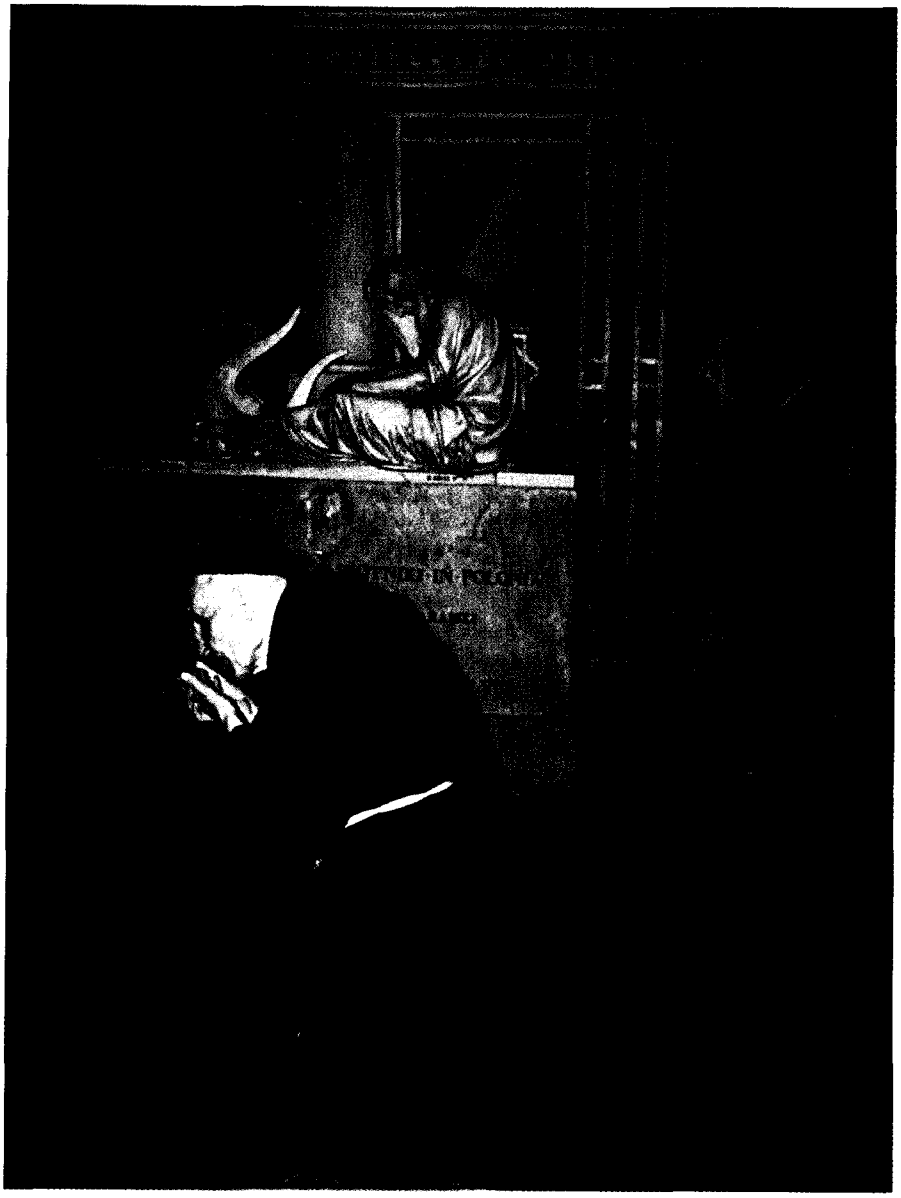

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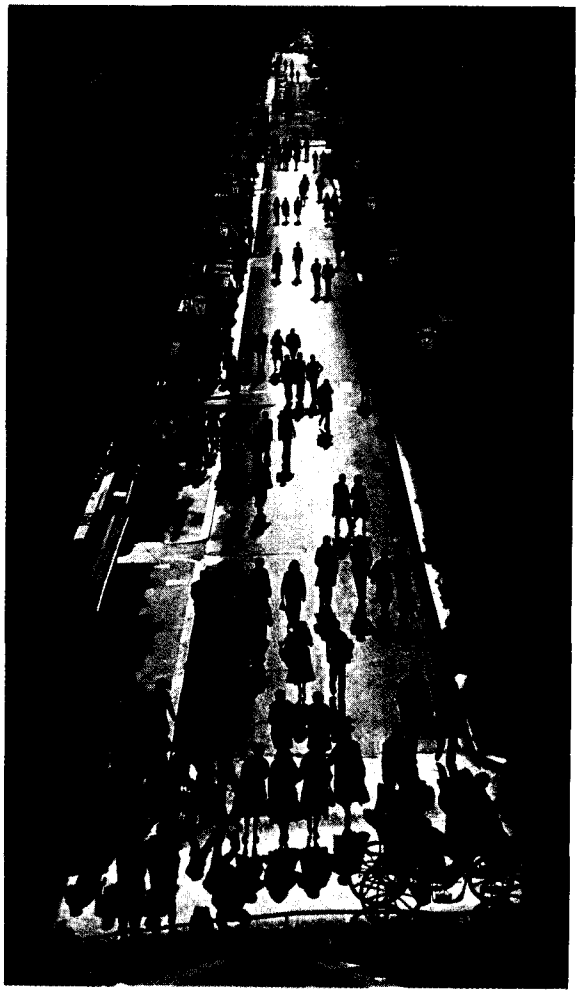

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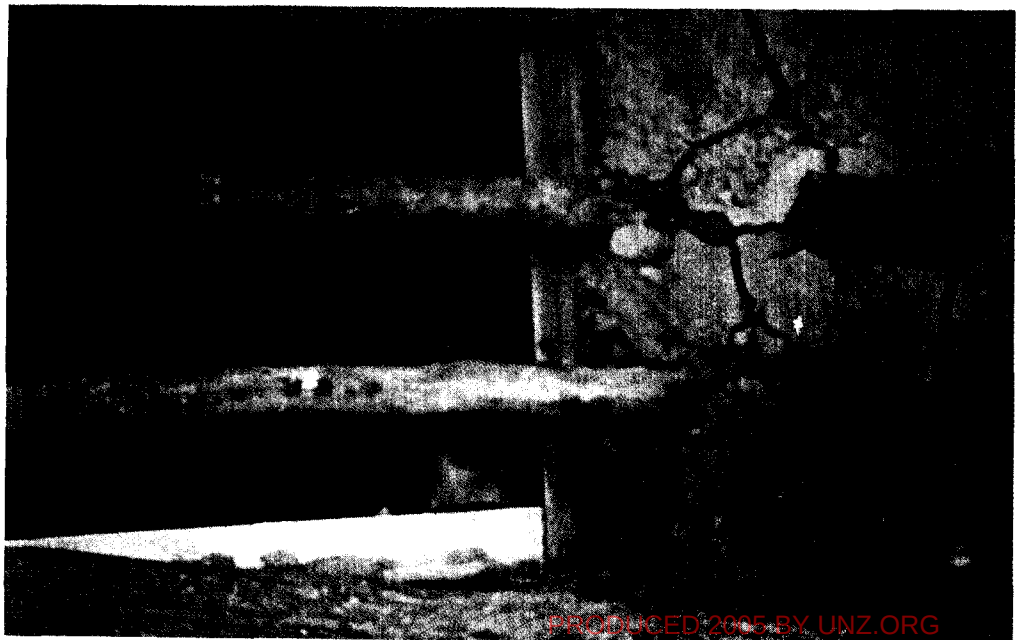

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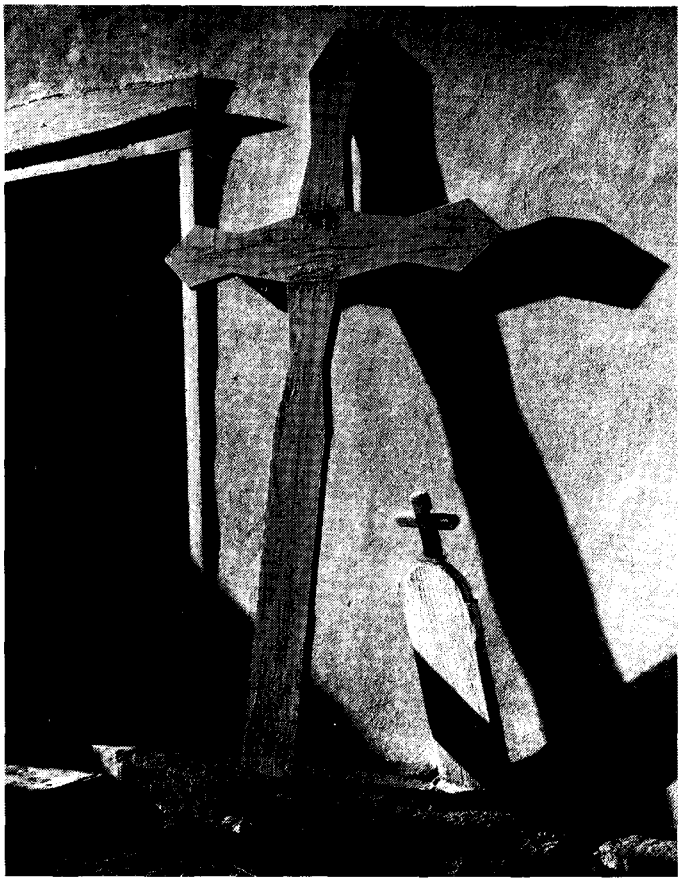
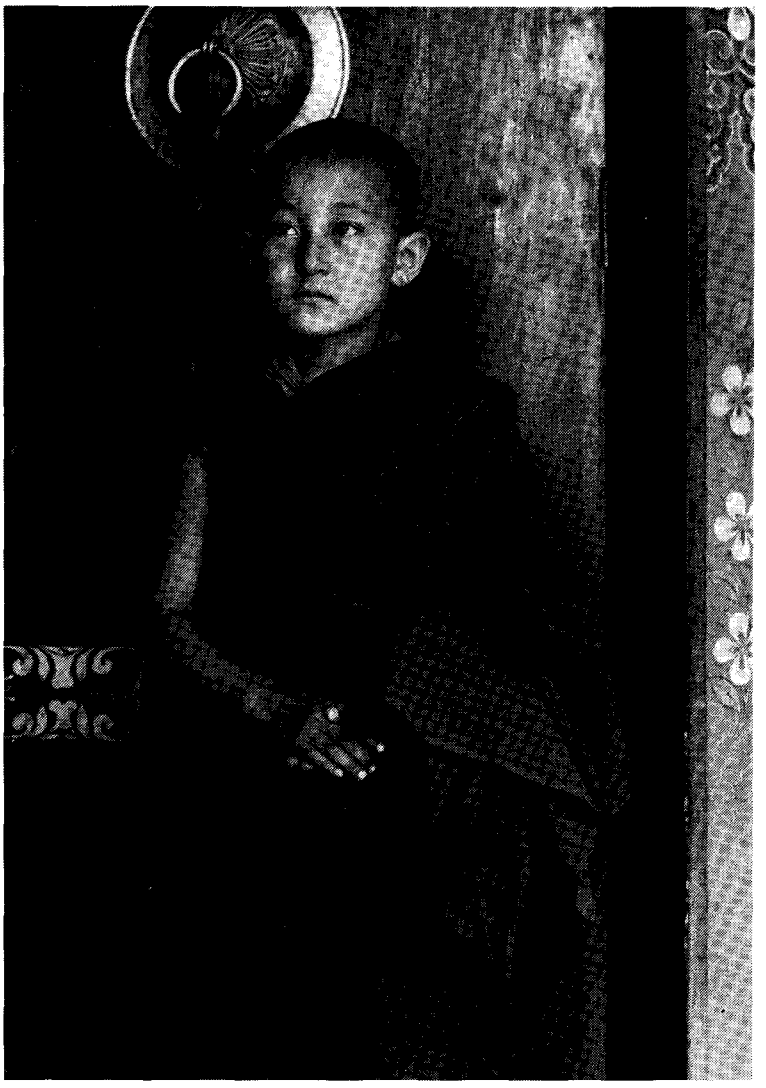


First Prize—SHELDON C. WOODWARD



Second Prize—LINDA SHAFFER

Twenty-Second Annual World Travel Photo Contest Winners

(In these listings the photographer's address is followed by the location in which the photograph was taken.)

Color

First Prize (A round trip for two to Morocco aboard TWA)—VIDA WARD, Phoenix, Ariz.; Egypt; Nikon; Kodachrome X.

Second Prize (A week for two at the Elbow Beach Surf Club, in Paget, Bermuda)—Dr. T. J. MURRAY, Halifax, N.S.; Toronto; Minolta; GAF 500.

Third Prize (SX-70 Alpha 1 Land Camera)—MARGE SIKES, Libertyville, Ill.; USSR; Agfa; GAF 200.

Fourth Prize (SX-70 Alpha 1 Land Camera)—VAL R. MAHAN, Washington, D.C.; Chagova, Chad; Nikkormat; Kodachrome.

HONORABLE MENTION in Color ($25)

JAMES B. GITLITZ, Binghamton, N.Y.; Florence, Italy; Konica; GAF.

PAUL KLEE, New York, N.Y.; Rome, Italy; Pentax; Kodachrome.

A. COKE SMITH IV, Bakersfield, Calif.; Swaziland; Minolta; Kodak Ektachrome.

S. J. RIOUX, Miami, Fla.; York, England; Pentax; Kodachrome.

JANE JACKSON, Denver, Colo.; Rocky Mountains; Miranda; Kodachrome II.

LLOYD MARYANOV, Palm Springs, Calif.; Bali; Nikkormat; Kodachrome.

Black and White

First Prize (Cruise for two aboard a Sitmar luxury liner to view the Pacific eclipse in October 1977)—SHELDON C. WOODWARD, Portola Valley, Calif.; Santa Fe, N.Mex.; Linhof; Kodak Panatomic-X.

Second Prize (A week for two at the Key Biscayne Hotel, in Key Biscayne, Fla.)—LINDA SHAFFER, Venice, Calif.; India; Leica; Kodak Plus-X.

Third Prize (SX-70 Alpha 1 Land Camera)—MARTIN BERMAN, Teaneck, N.J.; Montreal; Nikkormat; Ilford.

Fourth Prize (SX-70 Alpha 1 Land Camera)—JERRY A. PETRIW, Southington, Conn.; Mystic, Conn.; Minolta; Kodalith.

HONORABLE MENTION in Black and White ($25)

BILL SEELIG, Burke, Va.; Kitty Hawk, N.C.; Nikkormat; Ilford FP-4.

JAMES GIANELOS, Lyndhurst, Ohio; Colorado; Pentax; Kodak Panatomic-X.

CHARNA E. STATEN, New York, N.Y.; Athens, Greece; Nikon; Kodak Tri-X.

MARTIN H. MILLER, Silver Spring, Md.; Dier el-Assad, Israel; Hasselblad; Kodak Tri-X.

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Books

Invisible Families

The Black Family in Slavery and Freedom, 1750–1925
by Herbert G. Gutman
Pantheon, 664 pp., $15.95

Reviewed by Anthony Astrachan

WHITE America destroyed the black family under slavery, Daniel Patrick Moynihan wrote in 1965, leaving blacks today in a "tangle of pathology" centered on a weak family that focuses on the mother in the absence of the father. The "Moynihan Report" simply repeated what was then conventional academic wisdom in an effort to shape national policy to improve black social and economic conditions. But it sparked controversy among black leaders, policymakers, and academics in many disciplines. It prompted the historian Herbert Gutman to examine the black family as it evolved from 1750 to 1925 and led him to dispute Moynihan's contention by writing *The Black Family in Slavery and Freedom.*

Gutman began by examining the birth records of slaves kept in chronological order by several slave owners and reorganizing them by families as revealed in the names of each new child's parents. Then, rather than merely look at what whites did to slaves (as most recent historians have done) or what whites thought they saw when they looked at slaves, he studied documents in which whites and blacks recorded slave belief and behavior. He studied documents and census records drawn up during the years of emancipation and reconstruction and later decades to find out how blacks living in freedom reflected how they had lived under slavery.

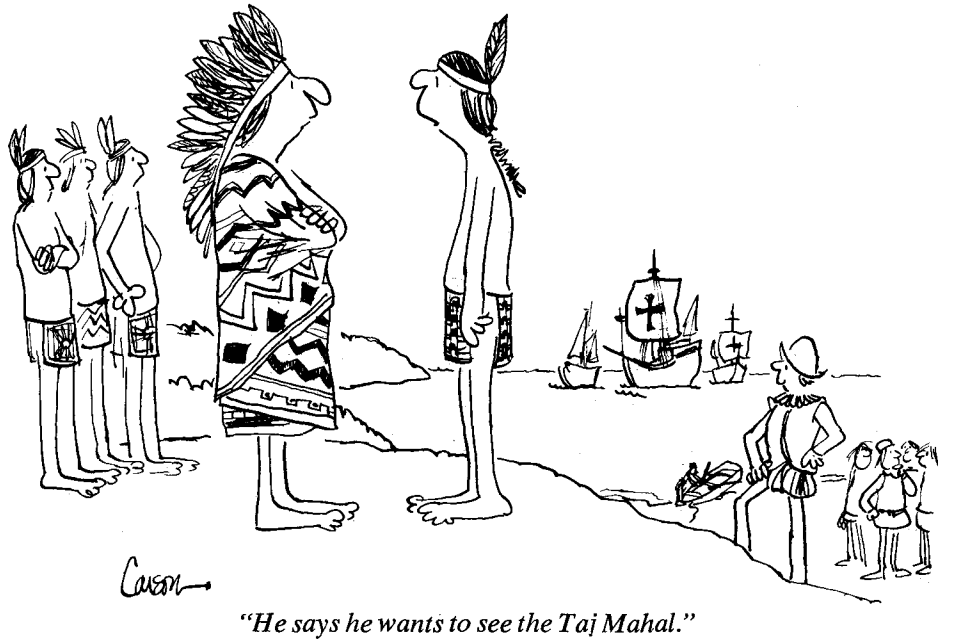
Gutman found that the black family survived 250 years of slavery despite the instability created by sale of family members, high mortality, and harsh working conditions. It was not merely mimetic of slave-owner culture. He discovered that slave children were often named for parents, grandparents, or other relatives, showing an awareness of kinship, bloodlines, and past history that whites of the slave era thought was totally absent in blacks. He found that slaves sold or forced to move from the Upper to the Lower South in the great migrations of whites to new cotton lands early in the nineteenth century made endless inquiries about the kin they left behind. They thus demonstrated a consciousness of family that was sometimes unnoticed even by the masters who wrote the letters in which they sent their family news. Gutman found that slave marriages, which whites belittled, lasted decades until death if neither partner was sold. His search of birth records revealed that slave women frequently bore children to one, two, or even more fathers before settling down into long marriages with another man. Judging from the number of children they bore to the same husband, these marriages were apparently monogamous. This leads to the conclusion that there was no stigma attached to premarital intercourse, children born out of wedlock, or bridal pregnancy. But marriage was signalized by fidelity—a far cry from the promiscuity and disorganization that many whites saw.

Gutman shows that as late as 1925, 85 percent of the black families in New York included both a mother and a father. The Great Depression and the postwar dislocations that attended the modernization of Southern agriculture did more than slavery to create the ghetto conditions that Moynihan called a "tangle of pathology." Even those conditions are not quite what they seem to be, as Gutman points out in quoting critics of the Moynihan Report (some family characteristics are found not just in blacks but in the poor of all colors, for instance). Reading Gutman makes me feel that we must stop enjoying the moral anger we can feel over the 300 years of injustice perpetrated by our ancestors and must instead concentrate on our fathers' and our own failures of the past fifty years.

Gutman has a gift for finding evidence, often in obscure places, and examining it in new light that casts doubts upon accepted wisdom. This facility was demonstrated in his analysis of another history of slavery *Time on the Cross*, by Robert Fogel and Stanley Engerman, and in his essays on the history of other American workers.

But it is not only the evidence accumulated from two and a half centuries of information that distinguishes Gutman's analysis. It is, as well, his study of how

Anthony Astrachan, a research associate of the Center for Policy Research, is writing a book about the beliefs and behavior of men in dealing with the changes that women are making in work and family life.



"He says he wants to see the Taj Mahal."

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people and society change over time. Gutman points out that if he had used data only from 1830 to 1860, as most historians of slavery had done, he would have been compelled to draw different conclusions. The shape and strength of black families became visible only over several generations.

CONCENTRATION on the evidence and on perceptible change over time gives Gutman a modesty of tone and scope that can be deceiving. *The Black Family* does not have the breadth or the flow of Eugene Genovese's history of slavery, *Roll, Jordan, Roll*. It does not light up hundreds of dark spots in work, law, psychology, sociology, and religion, as Genovese's work did. It has no overriding concept comparable to Genovese's vision of slavery as a paternalistic system that put constraints on the slaveholders and enabled the slaves to function as human beings even as it deprived them of the right to determine their own fate. But *The Black Family* transforms the history of slavery just as surely as *Roll, Jordan, Roll* did two years ago. Indeed, it shows that Genovese's theory of paternalism failed to recognize how much slaves shaped their own culture through the family. Gutman changes our vision of slavery just as dramatically as Kenneth Stampp and Stanley Elkin did in the 1950s, just as dramatically as Fogel and Engerman tried and failed to do in 1974. Our perception of our past, our understanding of the most important single force in American history, can never be the same again.

Gutman frequently acknowledges that his book is only a beginning. One of the many fields for research he suggests is the connection between West African and Afro-American social processes before the slave trade ended, in 1808. I suspect that when scholars make the connection, the use of quasi or fictive kin relationships—the courtesy aunts and uncles and brothers of slave dialogue—will owe as much to West African practice as to Gutman's vision of slave efforts, conscious or unconscious, to find surrogates for blood kin from whom they were separated. At least in many West African communities today, a man will call every distant blood relation or man from the same village a brother and everyone from the same clan a cousin, and elders are addressed by honorifics akin to "aunt" and "uncle." But an admirer of Gutman must be quick to acknowledge that practices today are likely to have changed from the eighteenth century. ◉

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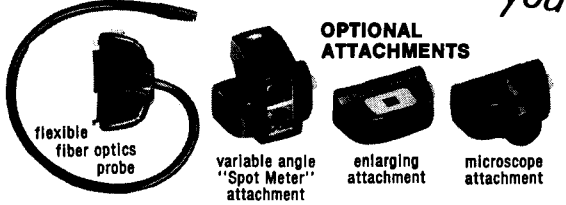

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Books

Sandpipers, Sapsuckers, and Godwits

The Adventure of Birds
by Charlton Ogburn
Morrow, 381 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by Walter Arnold

STORMY PETREL, wandering albatross, curlew, screech owl, skylark, nightingale. The names of birds are often magical when they are not comical or otherwise delightful. Yellow-bellied sapsucker, tufted titmouse, coot, loon, solitary sandpiper, Hudsonian godwit. Consider the humble chimney swift, a bullet with wings chattering high above the houses. Its courtship flight ends even higher above the earth when, in Roger Tory Peterson's words, a pair "lock in a copulatory embrace and fall a thousand feet, their wings flailing the air like a pinwheel." Then there is the story told in this book of a golden eagle that was observed being harrassed by a red-shouldered hawk as it soared South one fall: "Rolling over on its back, it reached up as the Red-shoulder struck, plucked it out of the air, and plunged earthward to consume it." This is a glimpse of what it is about birds —their symbolism of freedom, their intensity of life—that entranced Alexander, Charlemagne, Shakespeare, and both Presidents Roosevelt.

The Adventure of Birds is an account of birds that would "tell all about them, or, if not all, then what went into being a bird; what made birds of sustained interest and even fascination to their now numerous human following; what gave them meaning to man in the needs of his soul." It is the only book I know of that does this so consciously and satisfactorily. Its author, although not an ornithologist, has been an "ornithophile" and pursuer of birds since boyhood and has often written about them in other contexts. But Ogburn's interests and talents range well beyond bird lore. He was one of Merrill's Marauders in the Far East during World War II (and wrote the book on which the movie was based), has toiled for the State Department, in Washington, is the author of some notable fiction, and is an authority on Shakespeare. He is also at least as experienced and knowing about flora as he is about avifauna; his descriptions of flowering plants in this and other books are remarkable.

Ogburn is one of the very best writers we have on natural history today. Something seems to have happened to most naturalists' sense of the English language since the time of Darwin and the first Huxley. Misanthropy and the pathetic fallacy between them have too often choked whatever green shoots of talent chanced to sprout up. At any rate, Ogburn's *The Winter Beach*, published a decade ago, is one of three or four contemporary books of natural history—Henry Beston's *The Outermost House* and Annie Dillard's *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek* are two others—that will surely be read and reread down the years. For the humane substance of its thought, as well as for the visual richness of its poetic prose, Ogburn's writing at its best does bear comparison with Thoreau and deserves the widest possible audience.

The present book is jammed with marvelous bird lore from the author's own experience and his wide reading. The evolution, biology, distribution, behavior, migration, and songs of birds, among other things, are put within a fully human context. But unfortunately, although the writing in *The Adventure of Birds* is often as compelling as that in *The Winter Beach*, his latest book is not without fault. There are too many overly complex and dense sentences, too many jarring shifts of focus between paragraphs. Furthermore, the book as a whole lacks a fitting overall architecture or directing form. The first of the book's two parts, "A World of Birds," does not cohere well with the second, "Birds Through the Year," which is naturally divided into the seasons and might have served as the best form for the entire book.

Nevertheless this is an Icarian book and extends the adventure of its subject to the reader. As Louis Halle, another top writer on birds and a friend of the author, said: "The territorial imperative tells me why the Nightingale sings at all. It does not tell me why it sings so beautifully." But Ogburn surely has a good part of the answer: it is "that a bird finds fulfillment in its singing and that (we may reasonably believe) the more demanding the song the higher the degree of fulfillment it finds." The point is not so much that this statement is frankly subjective as that it seems entirely warranted by the observations the author has made. As he says in a remarkable passage on the rousing sight and sound of migratory Canada geese in the fall: "What a summons it is, that high, broken, incessant baying out of the wild and solitary spaces of the North, like the sound of an army returning with battle-honors from a frontier beyond the imagination of stay-at-homes." ◉

Walter Arnold is a free-lance writer and editor who has often been gladly distracted by birds since he was a boy in Massachusetts.

Books in Brief

Sleep It Off, Lady
by Jean Rhys
Harper & Row, 192 pp., $7.95

FEW writers whose work falls out of fashion have Jean Rhys's luck. Encouraged by Ford Madox Ford during the Twenties, she had published five books when World War II swept away, apparently forever, her particular world of shabbily elegant heroines, lunching on Pernod and cigarettes in Montparnasse cafés. So many aspects of the life Rhys depicted were destroyed, so many assumptions altered, that it's not surprising that the bustling, bourgeois Fifties found her novels uncongenial. Fortunately, thanks to an odd combination of feminism and nostalgia, her books are back in print and more popular than ever. This collection of new short stories will gladden the hearts of the many who recently discovered Jean Rhys and devoured everything she wrote, only to wish there were more.

Some of the most successful stories in *Sleep It Off, Lady* are only three or four pages long. Such, for instance, is the witty "Kikimora," in which a pompous misogynist condescends to his hostess and is given a richly deserved scratch by her sleek,

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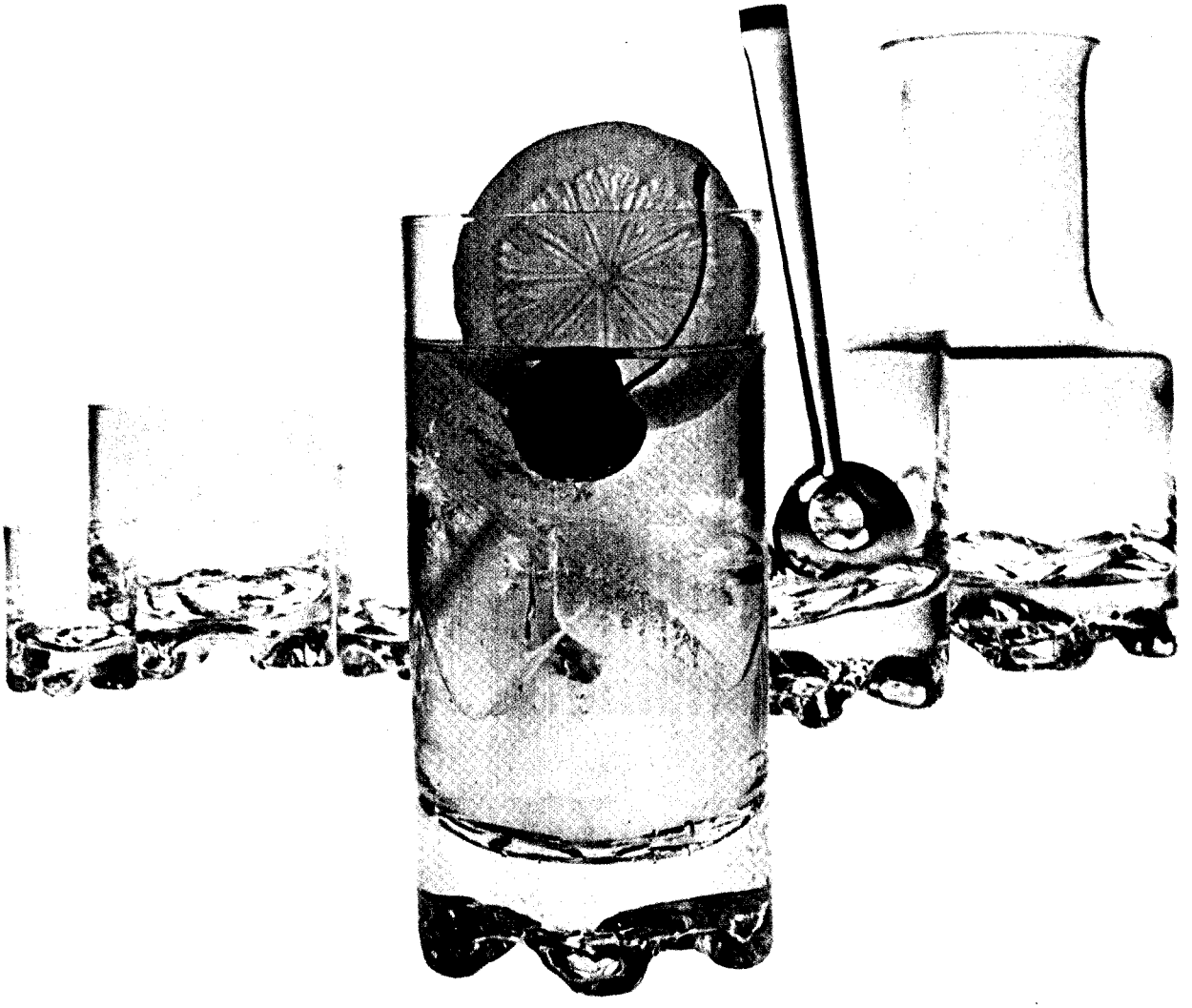

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Bullock's The Glass Menagerie Robinson's Curt Wagner

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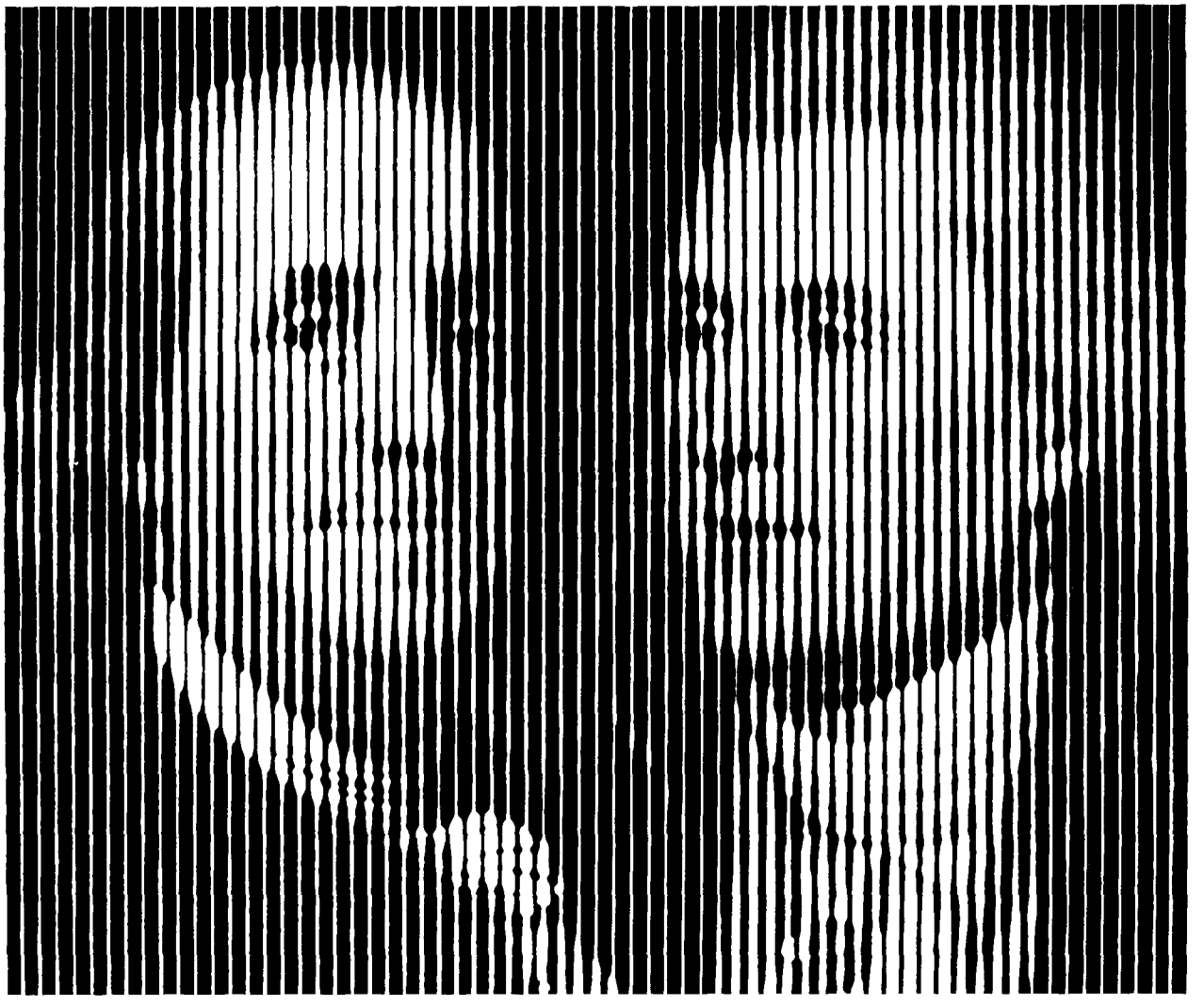

THE WORLD OF

FRANKLIN & JEFFERSON

The American Revolution Bicentennial Administration exhibition "The World of Franklin and Jefferson" was designed by the office of Charles and Ray Eames with the cooperation of The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York through a grant from the IBM Corporation

Los Angeles County Museum of Art

November 9, 1976 to January 2, 1977

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black, and very male cat. Others are memories of Rhys's childhood in Dominica, whose white colonists struggled to preserve narrow conventions amid sinister tropical luxuriance and aloof, hostile blacks. Rhys writes of wide-eyed young women on evenings out in the garish Parisian bistros, of hungry actresses in grimy, middle-class London. In several stories she gives us a glimpse of those girls grown older, drinking too much and wondering if younger men are worth the trouble. The brevity of these stories is deceptive: it arises not from slightness but from an extreme artistic economy. Such paring has its risks, and a few stories are perhaps *too* compressed. The best, however, achieve an effect that is, in these wordy, confessional times, all but unique.

—KATHA POLLITT

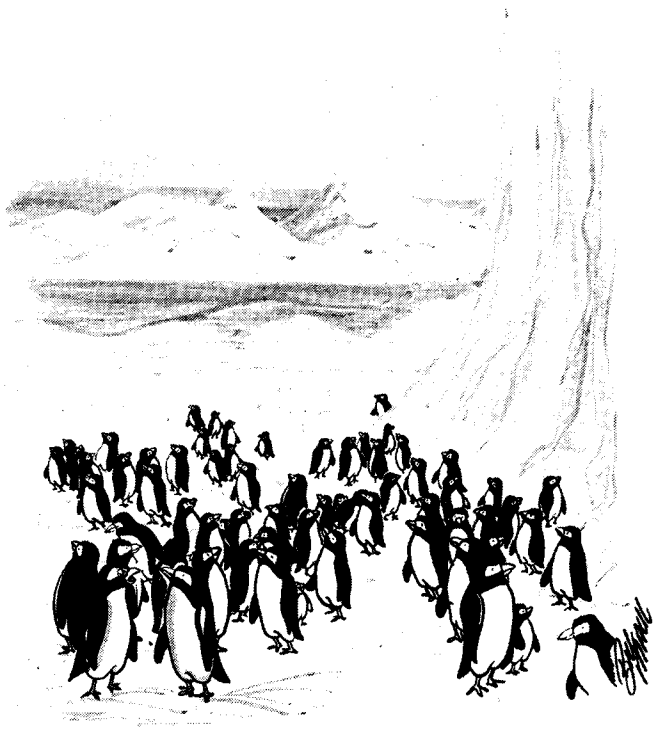
Marry Me
by John Updike
Knopf, 320 pp., $7.95

For most of the way, *Marry Me* looks like the big novel many readers of fiction have been looking for. Updike's eye for detail has stayed sharp; with apparent ease, he can translate emotional stress into dialogue, facial expression, and body movement. He knows the sudden turns and changes of sexual love, especially in regard to the psychology of adultery. What is more, once he seizes our attention, he holds it. The hot subject matter of *Marry Me* gains both drive and subtlety from its setting-forth. Thus, Updike doesn't say that Ruth Conant and Richard Mathias have been lovers until he commits us imaginatively to the physical joys and moral struggles of their adulterous mates. And although the mates, Sally and Jerry, throw themselves into the affair, they also remain detached enough both to analyze it and to ponder its possible effects on others.

Some of these effects amaze us. A Lutheran plagued with a strong sense of religious terror, Jerry defines the affair strictly: "I've figured out the bind I'm in," he tells Sally. "It's between death and death. To live without you is death to me. On the other hand, to abandon my family is a sin; to do it I'd have to deny God, and by denying God I'd give up all claim on immortality." This absolutism tortures his counterparts, who both attack and protect and also condemn and try to love each other. Though the affair angers and alienates, it also draws the foursome together. Richard tells Jerry, within minutes of learning that Jerry has set horns on him: "You miserable bastard, I can't get mad at you. I keep trying and you won't let me."

Where does Updike go wrong? The alternate endings of the last chapter belittle the merits preceding them. Are we to choose the ending we like best? On what basis? His insights into family life have made Updike one of modern fiction's outstanding domestic realists. To dart in his last chapter from Cheyenne to Nice to St. Croix and then back to Greenwood, Conn., where the Conants and Mathiases live, without limning fact from fantasy, plays his artistry false. The disappointing finale of *Marry Me* maroons everybody—author, reader, and characters.

—PETER WOLFE



"You want to know what we need around here? I'll tell you what we need around here. We need name tags around here."

New Lives: Survivors of the Holocaust Living in America
by Dorothy Rabinowitz
Knopf, 234 pp., $8.95

They came, some 92,000 of them, to New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Kansas City, Denver, wherever they had relatives or the Jewish social agencies sent them. Rabinowitz's book, a masterpiece of selective reporting and subtle commentary, is based on interviews with 108 of these refugees from the Holocaust, ordinary men and women (though in a sense, not ordinary at all) who speak of their new lives in America and, under the "liberating influence" of precise detail, of their terrible past.

Some have prospered here; some have not. One man builds a monument to the dead; another decries such gestures and also the "materialism" of many survivors; one woman feels compelled to revisit the camp where her sister was reduced to ashes. Highly individual as these people are, they share certain characteristics: a sense of their uniqueness, a belief in the importance of attitude, an air of watchfulness—even though they love America. And there are two things apt to stir them to rage: the slander that Europe's Jews didn't "resist" and the insinuation that those who survived must feel guilty for having done so.

The book features the Eichmann trial and the 1972 deportation hearings on a Queens housewife who was once a concentration camp vice-commandant. Both served to diminish and yet underscore the world's inability and even reluctance to believe what happened at the camps. It closes, appropriately, with an account of one of the great annual commemorations, held in a New York temple, of the Warsaw ghetto uprising.

To call the book deeply moving seems inadequate. —PETER GARDNER

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

First in Series

There's a dreamlike quality (sometimes nightmarelike) to Leon Stokesbury's poems, as you'll see in *Often in Different Landscapes*. It's the first book in the University of Texas Poetry Series, published this month and priced at $8.95, cloth; $3.95, paper. I've noticed work by this young poet (born in 1944) in various magazines and anthologies and am delighted that he finally has a book in the shops. Here's a curiously haunting poem, "California":

Shouldn't we finally get started?
I mean I think the right time has come.
The wind drops the leaves to the ground.
I think we had better get going.
The sunrise, the sunrise has fallen.
The long rows of waves keep on coming.
They lap in the rocks by the shore.

I mean it is dusk on the shore.
And the wind kicks the leaves to the ground.
All over the black leaves are falling.
Why do we still only stand here?
The time for our starting has come.
Let us go to the boats and launch out;
I think it would be best to run.

What I mean is the sunrise is gone.
Let us run to the boats and start rowing.
The leaves, the leaves keep on falling.
The black leaves have covered the beaches.
And why do we still only stand here?
I mean why do we still only stand here?

Edwin Ichneumon

Somebody actually once said to me, "Give me your input on this." I was both flabbered and ghasted. Edwin Newman tracks down words like "input," "thrust," "viable," and the dreadful "dialogue" in *A Civil Tongue* (Bobbs-Merrill, November 8, $8.95). This human ichneumon (that is, "a seeker") is a defender of the language—you remember, he defended it right profitably in his earlier *Strictly Speaking*. A large part of the new book is reader response to the earlier one, with additional chapters on sports lingo, Washingtonese, and sociologists' jargon: "Sociologists are people who pretend to advance the cause of knowledge by calling a family a microcluster of structured role expectations or a bounded plurality of role-playing individuals. Among sociologists, a civil tongue is all but unknown." Mr. Newman's jokes and puns are on the ponderous side, and despite the fact that he is writing in defense of the language, his own writing doesn't have much pizzazz. There are some good anecdotes: "It reminded me of the time I interviewed the actor Dustin Hoffman in a glassed-in restaurant. As word spread of what was happening, young women gathered outside to stare in. Hoffman got up and went to the window. 'Where were you when I needed you?' he shouted."

Activist Doctor

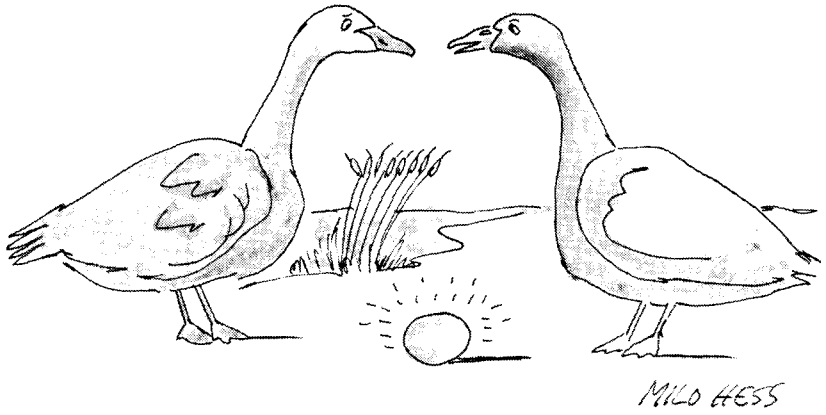
To say "a radical doctor" sounds like a contradiction in terms, but that is what Fitzhugh Mullan calls himself in *White Coat, Clenched Fist* (Macmillan, November 12, $9.95), which he subtitled *The Political Education of an American Physician*. He uses the word "radical" politically, not medically. Dr. Mullan marched with Martin Luther King, Jr., broke up an AMA convention, picketed hospitals, and shared his salary with less fortunate medical workers. He was a real Sixties activist and now, in his thirties, wonders if he will inevitably become more conservative—but doubts it. He makes an interesting point about young doctors:

> The years after medical school, marked as they are by long hours, tough working conditions and, particularly in the past, poor pay, stimulate the most avaricious side of the medical graduate. Many physicians spend their careers extracting reparations from a society that has forced them through a painful rite of passage. I cannot deny that I bear grudges for the quantities of my life given over to the hospital during my training.

American Firsts

Collecting first editions has never particularly appealed to me; I collect books for what's in 'em. But the idea of stumbling across a valuable first at a garage sale or in a junk shop is intriguing. You'll need Jack Tannen's *How to Identify and Collect American First Editions*, which Arco brings out this month at $10.95, to guide you in your pursuit. You can get real dough for a first of Mailer, Updike, Styron, or Baldwin, as you also can for firsts by such cult writers as Barthelme, Barth, or Gass. From $50 to $100. But if you have a first of Lewis and Clark's *History of the Expedition to the Source of the Missouri and to the Pacific Ocean*, well, you're in $10,000. But remember, with modern firsts a dust jacket is very important—it will increase the value many times over. The bulk of Tannen's book is a listing of publishers, with concise information on how each identifies its firsts; some say so right out, some have a symbol at the back of the book, and others don't specify "first edition" on the copyright page when it is first edition. More and more, the following system has been taken up:

> Recently, many publishers have used a device that simplifies the determination of a first edition. At the foot of the copyright page, they list consecutive numbers such as 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9. If the numeral one is present, the copy is a first edition; and the lowest remaining number denotes the later edition. This system will probably be used by more and more publishers because of its simplicity and low cost. ◉



"Where were you when gold was $200 an ounce?"

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Artsletter

FUNDING GOALS

Before closing up shop for the election, Congress finally agreed on some numbers for the Arts Endowment. In extending the life of the NEA for four more years, it authorized funding of up to $99.5 million for 1977, $108 million for 1978, and such sums as Congress finds necessary for 1979 and 1980. These authorized amounts do not guarantee that the President will request them or that Congress will appropriate them, but they do at least set realistic goals. Unfortunately, the goal for 1977 has not been met; NEA's actual appropriation amounts to only $85 million.

LEARNING TO LISTEN

In France a school system that is complacently biased toward literature tends to produce youngsters who can recite reams of Racine but know Berlioz only as a face on a ten-franc non-musical note. This fall, the Giscard government is beginning to attack the problem with a series of measures that should, if all goes as planned, give the country one of the best music-appreciation programs around.

Composer Marcel Landowski, who as inspector general for musical education is in charge of the reforms, has announced that his aims are to provoke a "profound mutation in public opinion" and to transform music in the nation's primary and secondary schools into a mixture of "game, festival, and communion." In more practical terms, he is budgeting for at least 1,000 new school orchestras and 5,000 new choruses during the next three years, plus a lot of tootlers on the recorder. Although gifted children will be encouraged, the idea will be to foster knowledgeable enjoyment of music rather than to turn out large numbers of professional singers and instrumentalists.

A special corps of musical counselors will help local authorities get things moving and will serve as roving troubleshooters. But in the long run the success of the program will depend on the discovery of grade-school teachers who are capable of adding a couple of hours a week of music appreciation to their other chores. Landowski feels certain that this possibly major difficulty will be overcome, but he is not counting exclusively on evolution and determination. Starting this year, a test of musical literacy and aptitude will be part of the entrance examination at French teachers colleges, and the future instructors thus selected will be given intensive schooling in how to add Berlioz to Racine.

POMPEII IN LONDON

Visitors to London this winter can see the most comprehensive collection of treasures from Pompeii ever shown outside Italy. The exhibit, entitled "Pompeii A.D. 79," will open at the Royal Academy of Arts on November 20 and run until February 27. Hundreds of Pompeiian wall paintings, mosaics, sculptures, and portrait bronzes will be on view, as well as models and photos of the ancient city.

ABORTED MANHATTAN PROJECT

American Ballet Theatre needs a home it can call its own. Last year co-directors Lucia Chase and Oliver Smith thought they had found it in the Manhattan Center, an edifice on Thirty-fourth Street in New York City that once housed Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House. Much of the original structure remains intact, and for $10 million ABT hoped to purchase the building and restore it. As reported here at the time (Artsletter, September 12, 1975), "the need for an additional theater of opera-house dimensions in New York has long been recognized."

Alas, American Ballet Theatre couldn't raise the money. Four large foundations refused support for the project. Lincoln Center, they reasoned, was in enough trouble already; another venture into cultural real estate just didn't seem justified. So the dance company's contract to take over Manhattan Center was allowed to lapse. The building is going instead to Rev. Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church. O, what a fall was there!

"I still think it's a marvelous idea," says ABT's Oliver Smith. "I'm stubborn and I'm not giving up." Meanwhile, he has made arrangements with the Metropolitan Opera House to assure his company a place in the New York sun. Unfortunately, that's just the trouble: the Met is only available during the summer months. —ROLAND GELATT

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The Day TV Went Mad

by Judith Crist

"ECONOMICS serves for aesthetics in commercial broadcasting. Every rating point gained or lost by a show represents about 700,000 television households on a national scale. After costs are met, a single rating point in a network's weekly average, over the course of a season, comes to represent $20 million or more in profits. Getting those rating points is the art of television, and if some strokes have to be erased, so be it."

The "strokes" Les Brown referred to in *The New York Times* a few weeks ago happened to be $6-million worth of programs: two series NBC "postponed" on the brink of the new season. But suppose one of the strokes happened to be a human being. . . .

That supposition is the plot premise of Paddy Chayefsky's *Network*, a ruthless exploration of the "aesthetics" and "art" of television that goes beyond its present-day realities to forecast the brave new world of the medium's tomorrow, let alone some innovations of this very season. Swiftian in its concept and suggestive of *Dr. Strangelove* in its perception and its prescience, the film—brought to brilliant screen life by Sidney Lumet but still very much the writer's—might well be subtitled "How I Learned to Start Worrying and Hate the Tube." Chayefsky's concern is with the television generation on both sides of the small screen, with the manipulators of an awesome medium and with the millions the medium manipulates. Specifically he is concerned about the corruption of those involved in the "art," about the endless search for the sensational to attract the audience, about the conglomerates behind the networks themselves that use the medium to bemuse the "humanoids" in a world ruled by currency flows. And perhaps most of all, he is concerned about an audience that no longer reads books or newspapers, whose truth and whose reality comes from the tube that reduces all of life "to the common rubble of banality."

Few movies have dealt with television, Hollywood's nemesis and now its major support. *A Face in the Crowd* and *The Great Man*, both released in 1957, used it for background; currently, *The Front* exposes the sins of television's past. But Chayefsky, whose career is rooted in the medium—*Marty, The Catered Affair, The Bachelor Party, Middle of the Night* were originally teleplays—does not limit his indictment, and it is one guaranteed to raise hackles in an industry notoriously sensitive to boob-tube aspersions. Tinged with farce and obvious exaggeration (is his 1971 *Hospital* as *outré* today as it seemed then?), Chayefsky's drama is rooted in the realities of life in those Sixth Avenue monoliths that house the networks, its near-*roman à clef* personalities identifiable to anyone familiar with the industry.

STRUCTURALLY, Chayefsky's story centers on Howard Beale, the network news anchorman for United Broadcasting Systems, a fictitious fourth network so far behind the other three in ratings that it is an industry joke. Once a "mandarin of television," Howard has been on the skids personally and professionally for several years. On September 22, 1975, he is fired with two weeks' notice. On a drunken celebration of the occasion with his old friend Max Schumacher, president of the UBS news division, Howard declares that he will kill himself "right in the middle of the seven-o'clock news." Max gives the matter a bit of bibulous thought: it would, he concedes, get Howard "a hell of a rating" and could even lead to a suicide-of-the-week series or execution-of-the-week or, better yet, "The Death Hour," replete with car smashups, mad bombers, assassinations.

Next evening all is back to normal, so much so that no one in the control room is really listening when Howard calmly announces that he has been fired and "I'm going to blow my brains out right on this program a week from today," to give the publicity people time to promote the show. As awareness of what he has said filters through, confusion reigns, and finally there's an on-camera scuffle as Beale is dragged off the set. Reactions are immediate—including "so far over 900 f-----g phone calls complaining about the foul language"—but by the next evening Max is willing to put a contrite Howard on the air to make a dignified exit. Max, meanwhile, has become embroiled in a hassle over control of the costly news division, whose independence is being threatened by Frank Hackett, hatchet man for the conglomerate that has acquired UBS. And so, when Howard departs from his approved script to explain himself (with "I just ran out of bullshit" for starters), Max refuses to cut him off the air. Again reactions are immediate, with Max fired out of

Duvall, Dunaway, and Holden—"The endless search for the sensational to attract the audience whose truth and reality come from the tube."

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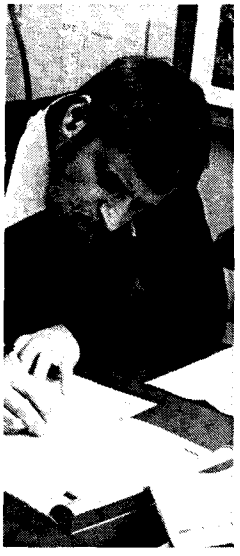
Paddy Chayefsky Speaks Out

by Susan Horowitz



PADDY CHAYEFSKY, fifty-three years old, sporting a graying goatee and a nondescript blue jersey, appraises the noise from the traffic eleven floors below. "There's a climate of hatred in New York that's very, very energizing. It's impossible to escape reality in this city. It's a significant thing for creative work."

It was that smell of reality, dialogue that sounded as if it had been tape-recorded in the Bronx, that catapulted Chayefsky to fame in the 1950s as the author of *Marty*, a teleplay that became an Oscar-winning film. Like his other television dramas, *Marty* probed the sensitivities of lower-middle-class New Yorkers, the people with whom he grew up.

I asked Chayefsky what it was like writing for television in the Fifties.

"It was all live television. A compressed set. No exteriors. That made for small drama, what we called 'kitchen drama.' "

"What about the artistic freedom of a television writer in those days?"

"I was lucky. I fit into Fred Coe's 'Philco Playhouse.' Fred came out of the theater. In 'Philco' they treated you like a playwright. But on most shows, the writers didn't even know when the show was on. The writer on television is a lowly hired hand. Ratings determine the program. The writer is told to cut to pattern."

"Do ratings reflect what the public really wants?"

"Sure. But audiences resist change. To introduce a new idea in television, you have to shove material down the audience's throat week after week till it's familiar and they get to like it. But now shows are decided week by week. If it doesn't go the first week, it's off. They yield to the immediate reaction, which has got to be negative because, as I say, people resist change."

"*Network* is about how television is obsessed by ratings, isn't it?"

"Television is an advertising medium. If you've got a good show, you raise the price of your advertising. The top shows are paid something like $130,000 a minute, as opposed to a news program, which might get a fraction of that. If they had their way, they'd throw out the news altogether and keep putting the 'Bionic Woman' on."

"Do you see television moving in any particular direction?"

"Profit orientation entirely. Most people in charge of television today still retain a sense of responsibility. They try to balance some sort of noblesse oblige with the profit motive. What happens with the next generation—no longer Brahmans of television, just profit makers? That's what *Network* is all about."

"That people coming up have no conscience?"

"They're no longer programming people, creative people with theatrical backgrounds. They come out of advertising, sales, managing local stations. They're totally oriented towards profits, towards ratings, which is the same thing."

"Are you speaking just about television here?"

"We [Chayefsky and his producer, Howard Gottfried] always do microcosm films—the whole society in one institution."

"Like *Hospital*, your film with George Scott? Wasn't that also about the depersonalization of an institution and also a satire?"

"They're satires, but there's not one unauthentic note in either *Hospital* or *Network*. The medical journals cited *Hospital* as being highly realistic."

"What about style? In *Network* you seemed to be combining realism with parody and rhythmic, almost poetic dialogue. Is there any particular reason you do this?"

"I just get personal, professional pleasure out of mixing a complex of styles."

"It seems to be an unusual form for film. Does it grow out of your experience in theater?"

"Probably. You have more technical license in the theater. You can even write in verse in the theater. *Gideon* was totally written in verse but squeezed into block paragraphs so that the actors wouldn't be made self-conscious by it."

"Will audiences accept poetry?"

"It's tough. Contemporary drama is not a language drama. Poetry has to come from the conceptions, the visual imagery. Film is the hardest on language. You have to find some device. I use insane people a lot because it allows you to be extravagant in your language, and insanity is a very contemporary theme. It's hard to find a form of diction for the movies that most of the audience will accept as entertainment and that another layer of audience will accept as poetry. You have to make it sound as if they're talking realistically but with an articulate reality—characters who are capable of poetic reality."

"Do you expect *Network* ever to be shown on television?"

"We cut our own television version. Otherwise, they'll butcher it. Cut a whole scene to take out one dirty word."

"So your attitude toward television is suspicious?"

"I'm not as benign as I used to be. I don't have much hope, but it's still there. Television remains a medium with limitless potential. It's really beyond comprehension." ◉

Susan Horowitz is a free-lance writer.

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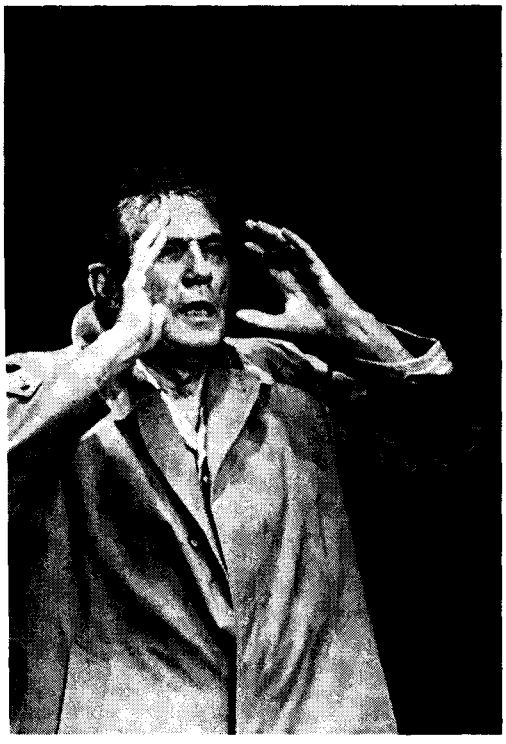

Peter Finch—"A peculiar dignity and a deeply moving pathos."

hand. . . . But when the front-page stories and viewer reactions come in, with a jump of five rating points in a night, there's a bright young programming executive on hand to convince Hackett that they've lucked into something. She guarantees that with Howard to "articulate a popular rage," she could turn the evening news into "the biggest smash on television."

She does, and the result will appear increasingly less fantastic to those aware of what has been happening to the major news programs in recent years and to those willing to project the same rate and elements of change, as Howard is transformed from "an angry prophet denouncing the hypocrisies of our time" into, quite literally, "the mad prophet of the airways." And his show serves as lead-in, if not to "The Death Hour" that Max envisioned, to the "Mao Tse-tung Hour," featuring films of the Ecumenical Liberation Army in terrorist action through the collaboration of the Communist Party. But madness, of the mind or of the morals, can get out of hand in the ratings game and in the power ploys, and we are faced with a final solution.

THE Chayefsky script, with its crisp jargon and its fast-flowing comedy, interrupted by those arias of self-revelation and moments of heart-stopping compassion that are this writer's hallmark, is remarkably rich in itself, as well as in comparison to the aridity of most screenwriting. And it is an obvious joy to performers rarely given an opportunity to portray such articulate characters. Peter Finch's Howard, whose restrained madness reaches heights of glittering sanity, sustains a peculiar dignity and a deeply moving pathos. William Holden's Max, like many Chayefsky protagonists, is in the middle-of-the-night stage of his emotional life; unlike them, he is decisive and self-aware, the man of "simple human decency" who sees and escapes self-destruction. Most glittering is Faye Dunaway's Diana, the woman of self-styled "masculine temperament," a driven careerist existing only in her work, unable to feel, only to "handle," emotion, her self-absorption total. She is indeed "television incarnate," as Max calls her, detached from unscripted living. There are persuasive performances, too, by Robert Duvall as Hackett, the ultimate corporation man, the knife—and hacksaw—at the ready in every move; Ned Beatty as the conglomerate chieftain who sees the world as "a college of corporations"; Beatrice Straight as Max's deeply caring wife; and Marlene Warfield as the Marxist whose manifesto soon includes syndication rights and overhead clauses.

Sidney Lumet, himself a television veteran (as a network staff director of some 300 shows before turning to film with *Twelve Angry Men*), has sustained the momentum of his recent films—*Serpico, Murder on the Orient Express, Dog Day Afternoon*—in the fast pacing of a complex story. Here he makes the moments count along the way: a breakup scene between a long-married couple explodes in anger that turns to pain and resolves itself with love; lovers caress and couple and relax to the woman's endless monologue about her work; the fellowship of an impromptu office gathering; the ice-cold dispositions and jugular-thrust approach of company meetings, the newsroom and control-room routines, the manipulation of studio audiences, all come clear in the instant.

Above all, *Network* articulates—gratuitously in high style—our awarenesses of television's dreary effect upon the fabric of our lives, our passivity in the process, our acceptances by default. And indirectly it reminds us of the potential of a medium that has, in all too large part, been exploited as a "boredom-killing business." If Chayefsky's is a jeremiad, it is one touched with wit and imagination, designed for literates and delivered from the heart of a caring man.

Other Movies

The Sunday Woman, directed by Luigi Comencini, with a screenplay by Age and Scarpelli, is a mediocre detective story made charming by a trio of talented players. Jacqueline Bisset, lovelier than ever, and Jean-Louis Trintignant, idle rich sophisticates, become involved in a murder investigation conducted by Marcello Mastroianni, a chap who knows his place and his business. The results are delightful despite the plotting.

Mad Dog, offering us Dennis Hopper as Daniel Morgan, a legendary nineteenth-century Australian outlaw, seeks to tidy up the highwayman's image and prove him a man turned antisocial by prison cruelties but kind to his aborigine companion and a few of his victims. It proves only that he was a functioning outlaw who came to a bad end after a career soaked in blood and violence, both nauseatingly depicted on screen. Hopper, as always, plays Hopper.

A Matter of Time, adapted by John Gay from Maurice Druon's novel *Film of Memory*, is a multimillion-dollar Cinderella story. Directed by Vincente Minnelli, the film presents Liza Minnelli as a peasant girl who comes to Rome as a maid in a seedy hotel where a senile ex-*femme fatale*, Ingrid Bergman, inspires her to cut her hair and be self-confident—whereupon she becomes an instant movie star. Charles Boyer has a minuscule scene as Bergman's ex-husband, apparently and understandably too embarrassed to linger. Geoffrey Unsworth has photographed some lovely moments in the lavish sets as Liza flits in and out of Bergman's memories and sings three songs that are completely anachronistic to the settings. Suffice it to say that director Minnelli has repudiated the film as cut and dubbed.

Part 2, Sounder, a sequel by Robert B. Radnitz to his highly successful 1972 film, is that rare sequel that not only satisfies but extends itself beyond the original. Once again Lonne Elder III has provided the screenplay and Taj Mahal the on- and off-screen music, but a new cast portrays the Morgan family in their continuing effort to provide young David Lee with an education. The emphasis is on character rather than drama, but under William Graham's direction, a tense drama—of a black community's determination to build a school in Louisiana in the Thirties—does emerge. ◉

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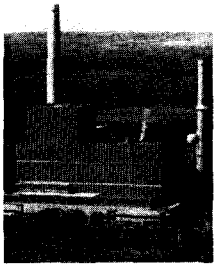
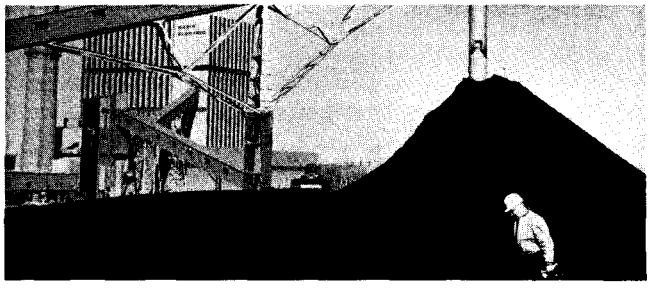
When it comes to energy, we're in the countdown years.

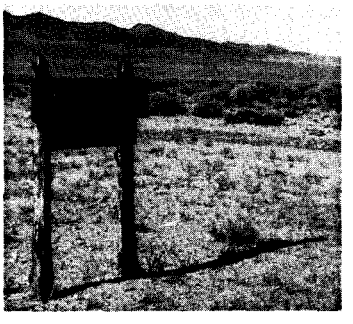
An electrically powered irrigation system has greatly increased productivity on this farm in northeastern Colorado, near Fort Morgan. These huge sprinklers are now a common sight in the nation's millions of acres of once parched and useless land.

Basin Electric Power Cooperative's new lignite-fired plant near Stanton, N.D., is part of a complex generating power for more than 100 rural electric systems in eight states. Long a leader in mined area reclamation, Basin is also researching productivity levels of reclaimed land.





One of America's newest consumer-owned rural electric cooperatives, Mt.Wheeler Power, Ely, Nev., is wiping away the last great power desert in the West. Mt.Wheeler has strung more than 1000 miles of line to serve a few hundred families in Nevada and Utah.



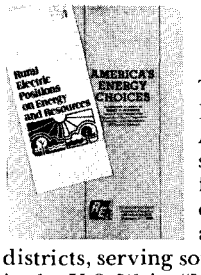
One of the world's largest dams is Hoover (Boulder) Dam, near Las Vegas, Nev. Hydroelectric projects in the U.S. today meet about one-sixth of the nation's total electric energy needs. Few sites remain which can be developed for hydro projects.

Day by day the earth's supply of oil and natural gas—on which we rely heavily—gets smaller. By the year 2000 most of it will be gone. It's a frightening countdown. It wouldn't be so bad if we were not an energy-based nation. But we are. Everything that enters into the way we live in America depends on energy—food, shelter, jobs, recreation, *everything*.

There are several promising possibilities—such as solar and geothermal power—which may provide at least partial answers for the long term.

But for the immediate future we must turn to available alternative sources of energy.

That means nuclear power and coal. We have to concentrate on those areas of development *now*—before the countdown goes too far.



The National Rural Electric Cooperative Association is the service organization for nearly 1000 rural electric cooperatives and public power districts, serving some 25 million people in the U.S. Write "Viewpoints," NRECA, 2000 Florida Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009, for your information packet on rural electric energy positions.

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Music to My Ears

Young Old "Porgy" New Young Pianist

by Irving Kolodin

THE decades that have brought honors to *Porgy*'s creators have also brought peril to those who challenged the standards of their now famous progenitors. Such eminent elders as Anne Brown and Todd Duncan, Leontyne Price and William Warfield, all brought something uniquely personal to their impersonations, which cast real, if invisible, shadows over the opening performances of the company that has been playing at New York's Uris Theatre.

But those chosen for the first-night ordeal in this revival not only fleshed out the shadows that hung over them but established approaches of their own to the roles they performed. The principal women were Clamma Dale (tall, young, beautiful, in face and voice, sinuous in movement), who can very well progress from Bess to an operatic career, as Price did; and her alternate Esther Hinds, who has, prophetically, already measured up to her prototype by performing the role of Cleopatra that Samuel Barber created, operatically, for Price when the Lincoln Center Metropolitan Opera House opened a decade ago. Not yet so fully in command of her abilities as Dale, Hinds delivers her own kind of vibrantly youthful Bess, and very well sung it is, too, in a bright well-formed sound of great promise.

The men brought less prior identity to their parts but abundant reasons for justifying their choice. Donnie Ray Albert is not only the right age and physical size for a credible Porgy but the possessor of a booming baritone that makes the ears quiver with his singing of "I've Got Plenty o' Nuttin' " and the "Buzzard Song," as well as his duets with Bess and all the in-between action. Abraham Lind-Oquendo, somewhat less magnetic in personality and projection, radiates a human warmth that is much in the inner being of Porgy.

In other roles, Andrew Smith is a Crown burly enough to recall the original, Warren Coleman, with a musical background that already includes performances of Scarpia and several principal roles in Verdi operas. Add Wilma Shakesnider, who sings a poignant "My Man's Gone Now" in the role of Serena, and Carol Brice, who has left behind the frustrations of being a greatly talented black mezzo in the days before integration (when the Met and other opera companies were looking the other way) to become a brilliantly artistic embodiment of the mature Maria, and there is very little this production lacks by comparison with its antecedents. That little might be charged against the Sportin' Life of Larry Marshall. He has a good enough light tenor voice and a flexible body, but he hasn't yet gotten below the surface of this verminous character.

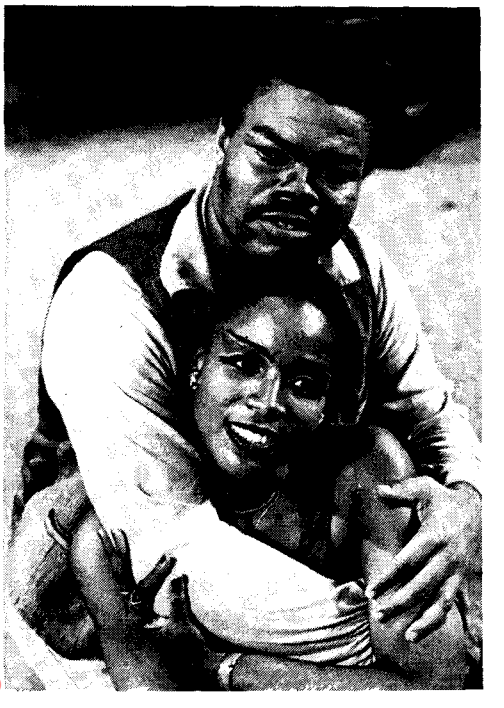
Like its predecessor with Price and Warfield, the revival's production scheme, devised by Jack O'Brien on behalf of the sponsoring Houston Grand Opera, permits the original three-act sequence to be played in two. This is achieved by means of a reversible unit in the Catfish Row setting. Mounted on rollers, it can be swiveled swiftly in view of the audience to provide the interior for Robbins's wake or the hurricane episode later on. Thus, everything up to and including the scene on Kittiwah Island is played in a single, continuous sequence.

A more subtle consequence is to gain time in which to include sundry bits and pieces of Gershwin's score often omitted ("Jazzbo Brown Blues," "Oh, Doctor Jesus," "O Hev'nly Father," and "Oh, Dere's Somebody Knockin' at de Do' ") without stretching the evening to inordinate lengths. Also, sequence is preserved by presenting the "Buzzard Song" in its proper place, prior to the intermission, rather than deferring it to near the end, as in the famous Blevins-Breen production of the Fifties. Jack DeMain's conducting lacked a little of the leadership that the late Alexander Smallens so long provided, but it maintained a gratefully light hand on Gershwin's scoring. The sizable pit of the Uris Theatre permitted an orchestra of forty-six, which, by Broadway standards, is practically symphonic.

Do all these values contribute to making *Porgy and Bess* more "operatic"? Only superficially. In this production all the

Abraham Lind-Oquendo as Porgy, below, bids farewell to his neighbors on Catfish Row. Donnie Ray Albert as Porgy and Clamma Dale as Bess, right, share duet.

Photographs: Martha Swope



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conversational elements are sung (rather than spoken) more or less as Gershwin wrote them. "More or less" means that latitude exists in his free form of recitative for individual options. To some the results would necessarily be "operatic."

But there is little "operatic" in the conventional sense, in the blend of elements or in Gershwin's treatment of them, that has enabled *Porgy* to endure into its fifth decade. Basic to that flowering is the unending gush of melody that delights neophytes and connoisseurs alike. Whatever Gershwin's mind told him about motives and counterpoints in the orchestra, his instinct told him to keep them out of the way of the important happenings on the stage. The semi-improvised, loose-jointed, but always apposite mixture of pop songs, blues, and Broadway, with ensemble elements borrowed from gospels, spirituals, and the synagogue, has solidified, grown together, strengthened with the passage of time. Does that make it a folk opera? Not in this opinion. Or, even less, a glorified musical. But it does make it *Porgy and Bess*.

THREE years ago, Yefim Bronfman, born in Tashkent, USSR, as recently as 1958, migrated to Israel under conditions that compelled his parents to leave behind everything but the barest necessities. Two years ago, after a visit to Israel, I described the strong impression the young pianist had made at an informal hearing. The projection then was that he would probably turn up in a couple of years at the Curtis Institute, in Philadelphia, or the Juilliard, in New York, for advance training that would prepare him for a bright career.

He did turn up in New York recently, not in any training capacity but as soloist in the Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 3 with the Israel Philharmonic under Leonard Bernstein's direction, in Carnegie Hall. A less appropriate introduction could hardly be imagined. The Rachmaninoff No. 3 is generally considered the personal property of Vladimir Horowitz, a territory not to be invaded by a young performer unless he has the unique attributes of Vladimir Ashkenazy or the youthful Van Cliburn. Such qualifications of fervor, muscular power, and intellectual energy are not yet in Bronfman's possession. He is a natural pianist with a dominant way at the keyboard and a large capacity for growth. Too much, too soon, in the wrong surroundings, are the only possible comments on this ill-conceived debut. ◉

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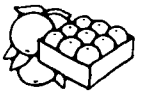
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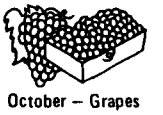
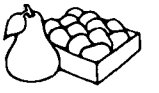

October – Grapes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Dance

An Actor Finds Nijinsky

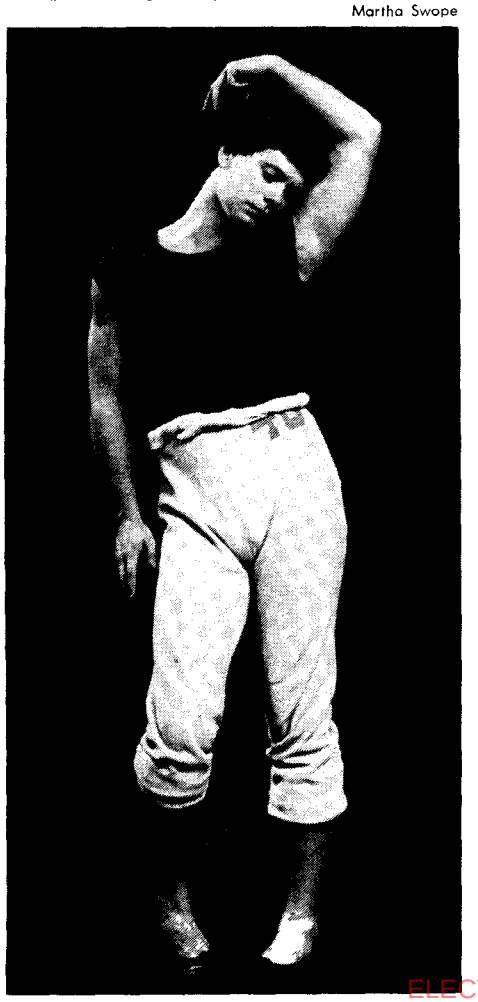
by Walter Terry

THE Fates and his own tormented mind permitted him less than a decade to establish himself as one of the great artists of all time. I am speaking, of course, of Waslaw Nijinsky, who made his debut with the Russian Imperial Ballet in St. Petersburg in 1907, electrified Paris in 1909 with Sergei Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, conquered the art world by 1916, and, in 1917, *ascended* toward insanity—"I have to stop in the clear air. I cannot come down now."

The dancer with the legendary leap—"St. Petersburg and the world stood still and waited for Nijinsky to oblige the law of gravity"—has been the subject of endless books, essays, articles, poems, analyses, including the celebrated and controversial biography written in 1934 by his wife, Romola. In addition there's Arnold Haskell and Walter Nouvel's *Diaghileff: His Artistic and Private Life* (1935), which discusses his relationship with the great impresario from a nonuxorial point of view; and Nijinsky's own diaries, written in his private world of madness. There have been theater pieces about him, most notably Maurice Béjart's massive spectacle *Nijinsky, Clown of God*, but nothing I have seen has touched me more deeply than a new play by England's Richard Crane, *Clownmaker*.

Lang—"The portrayal is uncanny."

Martha Swope



The play, first presented in 1975 at the Edinburgh Festival to high critical praise, was given its American premiere as the final production of the summer season at Lucille Lortel's White Barn Theater, in Westport, Conn., the site of history-making premieres, debuts, and theatrical experimentations.

The play itself, in two acts and twenty-five scenes—some are short soliloquies, others barely more than tableaux—is an intensely dramatic yet tenderly poetic exploration and exposition of the dancer who was protégé, lover, and puppet (very like his own celebrated role of *Petrouchka*) of Diaghilev; of Romola's campaign to conquer Nijinsky; and of the resulting tragedy that saw genius, suddenly unprotected, seeking the haven of madness.

In Lortel's production, Jerome Dempsey, a splendid actor, was tremendously effective as the urbane, brilliant, domineering, and briefly vulnerable Diaghilev, but the sensation—and it was just that—of the occasion was the performance of Stephen Lang as Nijinsky. Lang, who has studied mime but not dancing, did not dance the part. He *acted* the role of Nijinsky, and that was his special strength. Of course, he acted with his body, as well as with his rich speaking voice, but all fine actors do that.

When he was cast as Nijinsky, twenty-four-year-old Lang knew only that "he was a dancer who went crazy" and that Diaghilev was "an impresario for a Ballet Russe." The role was a complete theatrical departure for a college (Swarthmore) boy who is athletically inclined and had made his stage debut, as a child, in a school play *Jack Frost's Christmas*, in which "I played an icicle!" and, as an adult, specialized in "solid lords in Shakespeare or tough guys in modern plays."

BUT how to portray someone who lived only when dancing—when one cannot dance? Lang, by his own account, saturated himself in literature about, and photographs of, Nijinsky. "The stills gave me clues to mime I should use. Because I myself can identify with jerky, angry, almost spastic movements of wildness, I used Nijinsky's roles in *Petrouchka* and *Til Eulenspiegel* as my metaphors. I was also influenced by the clown characterization in the movie *La Strada*." Lang and the other actors also were astutely guided by Isaiah Sheffer, the director, and by Igor Youskevitch, a great dancer himself.

Lang, as I say, moved, but he did not dance. He suggested in a remarkable way, however, the emotional roots of dance as he seemed to caress the earth with a hand and reach heavenward as he called out, "I can fly to the sun, touch it if I want."

The portrayal that emerges from Lang is uncanny. The viewer familiar with

Continued on page 60

Nijinsky—"Ascent toward insanity."

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Television

This Year, Britain; Tomorrow, the World?

by Karl E. Meyer

MANY years ago when the legendary C. P. Scott was editor of the no-less legendary *Manchester Guardian*, a colleague proposed that the paper publish a London edition. Scott shook his head vehemently. "Not a good idea," he said. "They'll stop praising us and begin reading us." (In fact, *The Guardian* did move its main office to London a decade ago, with results that seem to sustain Scott's fears.)

Well, Thames Television put its reputation similarly on the line in New York this year. As everyone says (including this writer), British television is probably the world's best, but then in America we only see the pick of BBC and Independent Television. What Thames did was to hire a station for five days (September 6–10) to show a whole range of its programs from 5:30 P.M. to 3:00 A.M. In this instance, the Scott theory was wrong.

My own view is that the British invasion was the most interesting event on American television this Bicentennial year. For five days we had something like a citywide Cannes festival on television, only without an admission charge. There were, to be sure, ups and downs, but the same is true of any festival. The overall quality was shamefully good, all the more so since the Thames showcase anticipated the new season's rating war with its bionic banality.

The good news is that Thames is discussing a return engagement in 1977, most probably in Los Angeles. There is a chance that the Thames festival could become an annual event, and just possibly that could inspire other foreign systems to follow suit. Why not a week of Canadian or Australian television, or, for that matter, of German or French TV?

What makes this theoretically possible is the existence of a fourth commercial network: the independent stations. Every major population center is now served by one or more stations unaffiliated with CBS, NBC, or ABC. This means that time is available for a week of special programming. (Affiliates are compelled to yield a lion's share of prime time to networks.)

It is worth describing how the Thames festival came to be beamed on WOR-TV, Channel 9, in New York. WOR-TV is one of four stations owned by RKO General (others are in Los Angeles, Boston, and Memphis), and it has attracted a large, chiefly blue-collar audience by weighting its schedule with sports. But now and again, WOR-TV risks something different, as it did last year by showing "The World at War," a prize-winning documentary series produced by Thames.

Thames Television is the largest station in the fifteen-station Independent Television Network, Britain's commercial system. Over the years, it has tried vainly to sell its wares to American networks—not even "Jenny," with Lee Remick as Lady Randolph Churchill, was deemed good enough (or better, mediocre enough) for an American mass audience. ("Jenny" went at a lower price to public television.) So why not hire a whole station for a showcase week in the media capital? The idea appealed to Thames, and an approach was made to Robert L. Glaser, president of the RKO stations.

CONSIDERING the novelty of the venture, there were surprisingly few problems. Thames budgeted a reported $800,000 for the week and expected losses of around $150,000; the projections proved fairly accurate. Program content was determined by Thames, in consultation with somewhat nervous American executives. How would a New York audience respond to the notably franker, sassier, and bawdier usage of British television?

Expletives were deleted, but otherwise there were no fig leafs. In "Rock Follies," a charmer about three beguiling girls who become pop stars, the heroines each have a male roommate (a real-life situation never seen on the network screen). "The Naked Civil Servant," offered without sermons or sociology, is the biography of an effeminate homosexual (played with éclat by John Hurt). The mechanics of the breeding and the foaling of shire horses were shown matter-of-factly in a fine pastoral documentary about a Yorkshire farmer. "Man at the Top," a series about corporate politics, was notable for its briny language and its sardonic anti-business bias—the day I see a series like this underwritten by Mobil, I will doff my cap to the oil industry.

So what happened when such fare was broadcast? According to RKO's Bob Glaser, the station received about a thousand telephone calls and letters, roughly ten times the usual response during a week. Nearly all congratulated Channel 9; exactly one viewer protested what he felt was a lapse of taste—the mating of horses. As before, the response confounds the network premise that the only fact of life Americans are mature enough to face is violence. (Speaking of which, the two police serials shown by Thames, "Special Branch" and "The Sweeney," were less bloody and more iconoclastic than their American counterparts—the cops were even glimpsed breaking laws and mishandling a shoot-out.)

In ratings terms, the Thames week was a qualified success. The situation comedies, which varied from the hilarious to the insipid, drew the biggest audience, and overall an average of 300,000 New Yorkers watched each hour, slightly more than the station's usual share. I suspect that the audience included a lot of New Yorkers who rarely ever watch television—the invisible minority that networks neglect.

Finally, a word about the commercials. Standard British practice was followed—only four breaks each hour. Bliss! Moreover, the average quality of the commercials was higher, since most were British-made and were far less strident than the typical high-volume, hard-sell American message. If the British could impose their commercial practices on our television, it might be worth reconsidering what happened in 1776. So please come back next year, Thames, and make it an annual invasion. ◉

"Rock Follies"—"A charmer."

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Recordings

Fresh Faces and First Encounters

INSTRUMENTAL

Carter: *Brass Quintet, Eight Pieces for Four Timpani, A Fantasy on Purcell's Fantasia* (Odyssey). From conception to execution, this is a release that is in every way admirable. In the first instance, it speaks to Elliott Carter's willingness to interest himself in the challenge of writing for a brass quintet (two trumpets, two trombones, and a horn) and the extraordinary results that flowed from it (see *SR*, January 25, 1975); in the second, to the virtuosity of the American Brass Quintet, which commissioned it; and in the third, to the sensible decision of Columbia in putting it on its "budget" Odyssey label and thus widening the market considerably. The *Eight Pieces,* something more than Hindemithish "functional" music, are imaginatively performed on four timpani by Morris Lang.

Cherubini: *String Quartets* (DG Archiv). A sampling of these seldom-heard, rarely recorded works suggests that they may have considerable interest for chamber-music collectors, but hardly in the format of six or nothing offered by the introductory boxing. The works range in date from 1814 to 1837 and thus embrace a period rich in productivity, from Beethoven, Schubert, and Mendelssohn to Cherubini himself (Quartet No. 2 in C was derived from his D-major Symphony, perhaps Cherubini's best-known work in this form). To my ear the composer's stylistic locus was centered on late Mozart, later Haydn, and early Beethoven,with results that are set forth with fine sound and admirable tact by the Melos Quartet of Stuttgart.

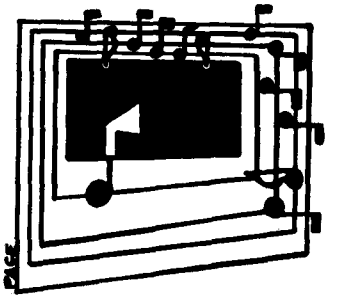
Gershwin: *Rhapsody in Blue, An American in Paris* (Columbia). The sponsoring company's engineers have achieved a technical *and* musical coup in finding a way to make the *Rhapsody in Blue* qualify as a first encounter by blending the sound of Gershwin, playing the solo part, from a piano roll, with Michael Tilson Thomas's direction of a Whiteman-sized ensemble. All of this would suggest a foursquare, mathematically cued outcome, but the music emerges with surprising spirit and credibility. The version of *An American in Paris,* with Thomas conducting the New York Philharmonic, is one of the lightest, brightest ever.

Shostakovich: *Quartets Nos. 8 and 15* (L'Oiseau-Lyre). This first recording of the last Shostakovich quartet is by the Fitzwilliam ensemble of Warwick, England, which received the parts from the composer at the end of 1974 (he died in August 1975). Cast in the form of six slow and slower movements, Quartet No. 15 bears only a flickering shadow of the man's being, and that only at half-length. Energy is at a low ebb, emotion all but drained. Both works are well performed, but the young English players have much more to work with in the cracking-good No. 8.

Stravinsky: *The Soldier's Tale* (DG). The participants include, in addition to concertmaster Joseph Silverstein and six other members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, John Gielgud as narrator, Tom Courtenay as the soldier, Ron Moody as the devil, and Michael Flanders and Kitty Black as co-authors of an English version of C. F. Ramuz's text. All the elements are, individually, of superior quality, but a dramatic synthesis is rarely achieved. Indeed, the impression that the musical and verbal tracks were recorded separately and then combined is heightened by the disparity of acoustical background: the voices close up, the instruments in a distant, more spacious frame of resonance. Whatever happened to the choice Cocteau-Ustinov version with Markevitch conducting?

VOCAL

Caballé: *Music of Spain* (London). Those who own a prior recording of *zarzuela* excerpts by Montserrat Caballé (RCA LSC 2894) will be pleased that this new release repeats very little of its content (except the ever-welcome *De España vengo,* by Luna). Others may be disappointed to learn that the content (by Caballero, Giménez, Chapí, Serrano, and Barbieri) is not quite so representative as its predecessor of the best in this peerless form of Spanish popular theater. That, however, leaves abundant area for enjoyment in the ten selections delivered with finished artistry by Caballé and the Orquesta Sinfonica de Barcelona, conducted (as before) by Eugenio Marco.



Rachmaninoff: "Daisies," "Oh, Never Sing to Me Again," "Vocalise," and thirteen other songs (London). At first impact, the notion of a Swedish soprano, best known as an opera singer, and of a Russian piano virtuoso working together as collaborators on a disc of Rachmaninoff songs might appear as something of an artistic mismatch. But Elisabeth Söderström has matured into a vocal artist of rare discipline and musicality. The only suggestion of Vladimir Ashkenazy's virtuosity in these performances is in the finesse and variety of his coloristic effects in support of the voice. The outcome rarely varies from a high level of mutual professionalism, with Kingsway Hall (as a recording studio) enabling the Söderström voice to soar with no restraints. It would be presumptuous of me to comment on Söderström's enunciation of the Russian texts: if it is good enough for Ashkenazy, it is good enough for me.

MISCELLANEOUS

George Benson: *Breezin'* (Warner Brothers). Hardly a newcomer to the jazz world at thirty-five or -six, George Benson, of Pittsburgh, has long eluded the kind of recognition deservedly his as one of the best guitarists. The six tracks on these sides include such items as "Breezin' " (Bobby Womack), "Affirmation" (José Feliciano), and his own "So This Is Love?" in which Benson is joined by several able sidemen. Not wholly illustrative of the best of which he is capable, the release should start a ground swell for more and better Benson.

Zoot Sims: *Soprano Sax* (Pablo). One of the best of tenor-sax men, Sims has developed a mastery of its soprano sister, which may restore an identity absent since the death of Sidney Bechet. The Sims sound is leaner, more driving than Bechet's was, with results that impel pianist Ray Bryant to powerful response on such tunes as "Someday Sweetheart," "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams," "Willow Weep for Me," and "Baubles, Bangles and Beads." Grady Tate, drums, and George Mraz, bass, collaborate.

Stephen Sondheim: *Side by Side by Sondheim* (RCA). Devotees of the composer responsible for *Pacific Overtures, A Little Night Music,* and *Follies* (as well as for lyrics set by such composers as Rodgers, Bernstein, and Jule Styne) will find a thesaurus of riches in this pair of discs derived from a London theater project employing a three-part cast of Millicent Martin, Julia McKenzie, and David Kernan, with a two-piano "orchestra" manned by Tim Higgs and Stuart Pedlar. *Follies* and *Company* provide seventeen of the twenty-four songs wholly composed by Sondheim, delivered in what might be called an off-Broadway manner. That is to say, spirit transcends skill, especially in a certain rhythmic monotony to which early Sondheim is prone. But the true believers will relish it all. —I.K.

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Booked for Travel

Peachy Preserves

by Horace Sutton

IN THE beginning there was the elegance, the mildness of the climate, the richness of the soil, and the fine harbor. It was a rare combination that was to create at Newport a cultured society that has endured through more than two centuries. Its importance as a center of trade has declined. Its significance as a military base slipped into history three years ago when the navy, so long a part of Newport life, dispatched its ships to South Carolina, Virginia, and Florida, there to become part of a new warm-weather navy. Nowhere were the tremors of the power shift to the sun belt felt more sharply than here. When the fleet and air arms sent 17,000 navy personnel southward, over 6,000 Rhode Islanders were left without jobs. The state unemployment index rose to over 16 percent.

In some ways Newport is becoming a living museum of its life and its high times. Many of its incredible mansions, built by American barons at the turn of the century, have become the stately homes of America, open to anyone with a ticket. But the highborn and their attendants are still in residence, especially in summer, reporting with fidelity to Bailey's Beach, spare as it is, and inhabiting the châteaus, which they insist on calling "cottages," that survive as private dwellings.

There is still an essence of what the British governor of Granada called, in 1765, "the refined and polished society of Newport." Colonists in the West Indies were dedicated patrons of Newport, having heard of the glories of the resort from the ships' captains who sailed between the Rhode Island port and Jamaica and Antigua, stopping off at the Carolinas. The low-country plantation owners were visitors, too, escaping the heat and malaria of the hot months for the sea-swept esplanades and the refined neighborhoods of Newport.

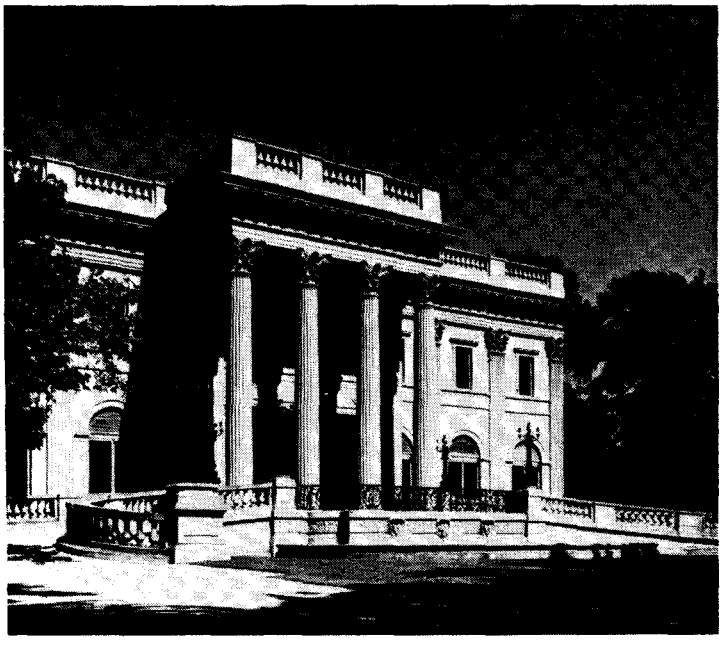
Dressmakers, wigmakers, and caterers came from France to attend the cultivated colony; opera companies arrived and so did dentists who could manufacture false teeth. Something of a political salon evolved at Newport that provided a meeting place of comfort and style for the diverse political and social concepts of Carolina planters, Philadelphia merchants, and the manufacturers and the shippers of New England.

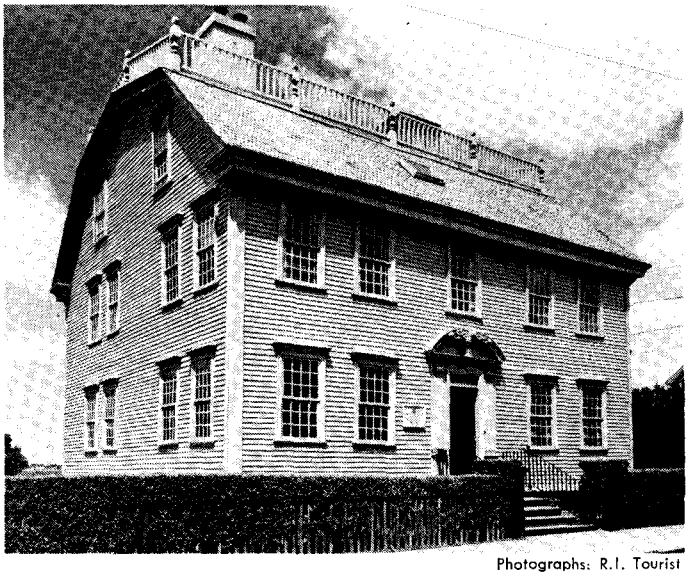
There is a strong thrust at Newport now to return the physical form that existed in those days. Houses in shades of pumpkin, olive, and Breton blue sprout all over town, particularly in the old narrow streets near the harbor. The Newport Restoration Foundation, with Doris Duke as prime mover, has restored sixty-one colonial houses, and six more are in work. As they become ready for twentieth-century occupancy, they are put up for rental at anywhere from $250 to $500 a month. The waiting list stretches into infinity, both for rental and for sales.

Still other colonial dwellings have been restored under the guidance of a community group called Operation Clapboard, which, as each home is returned to use, announces its estimated vintage with a label affixed near the door.

The Preservation Society of Newport, famed as the preserver of the great mansions of Cornelius Vanderbilt; William K. Vanderbilt; Edward Berwind, the Philadelphia coal magnate; as well as Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs' Stanford White extravaganza, patterned after the Grand Trianon, at Versailles, was actually formed to save the eighteenth-century Hunter House. A classic of 1748, Hunter House was seized from its Tory owner, rich in shipping, and assigned by a spirited colony to the French Navy, which used it as Revolutionary command headquarters.

One enters from the street now rather





Photographs: R.I. Tourist

Marble House, left, and Hunter House, above—"a living museum of its life and high times."

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than by way of the water door, its main entrance when water travel was faster than over land. Still, the house bears much of the look it wore in pre-Revolutionary years. All of its furniture is Rhode Island made, most of it bearing the hallmark of the Townsend and Goddard families, who were considered the finest cabinetmakers in America.

An outpost of Newport colonial elegance, a stamp of gentility for which the town was known even in Europe, Hunter House, by way of its water door, faces the realities of a civilization edging toward the twenty-first century. For one thing, there is enormous Newport Bay Bridge, stretching its tendrils two miles across Narragansett Bay, on the route to New York. For another, there is Goat Island, for nearly a hundred years, until the end of World War II, the navy's main torpedo-manufacturing facility. Twelve thousand people were on Goat Island during World War II, but they all are gone and so are the tracks that moved explosives by rail. The destroyer piers have been adopted by pleasure yachts, and far down at the island's end, a colony of condominium cottages has sprouted bearing names of famed yachts that raced in America's Cup—*Rainbow*, *Enterprise*, and *Columbia*—a spectacle as celebrated here (where there is also an America's Cup Avenue) as the Mardi Gras is in New Orleans.

The north end of Goat Island is anchored by a Sheraton Hotel, a brick monument designed to absorb the winds off the bay and the wayfarers who approach from every direction. In the fashion of inns that must function as shelter as well as resort, it has a covered pool and, adjacently, covered tennis courts as well. Moreover, its front door is only a step from the causeway connecting Goat Island to the mainland. That makes the link a convenient fishing station for blues, stripers, and flounder.

The inland door at Hunter House opens on Washington Street, which, no more than four years ago, was a shabby byway. Fitted out now with gaslights and such proper façades as that of Hunter House, it is on its way back into the eighteenth century. Thames Street, too—unlike Londoners, they pronounce *th* here—is redeveloped with brick walks and flower boxes. It provides a border for the Brick Market Place, a new shopping promenade that takes its name from the Old Brick Market, which survives from 1762, its open stalls now enclosed in rounded windows.

As with the prepared marts of California, there are artfully gotten-up shops with the inevitably arty names—Briar and Burley (pipes and tobacco), the Irish Dandelion (goods from Eire), and The Hook and I (needlework). On pleasant days the Turtle Frolic sets up tables out of doors amid the flower beds made of railroad ties and serves stuffed quahaugs and beer while a combo strums lightly into the harbor breeze.

Down at the water's edge, Bowen's Wharf has been similarly transfused. Large cobbles pave its walkways. Cannon have been planted, muzzle down, to serve as stanchions. Piles of lobster traps and old barrels are the legitimate gear of the fishing smacks tied up along the quay. Black Pearl has tables on the cobbles, but the Clarke Cooke House, culinarily more ambitious, does filet of scrod *tout Paris*—with lobster sauce, white wine, and truffles; and *coquille Ostendaise*—scallops with mushrooms and lobster sauce.

Bowen's Wharf is the home port of H.M.S. *Rose*, a full-size replica of the British man-of-war that was stationed in Newport, a galling manifestation of the British occupation. Her commander, James Wallace, was a hated occupier who blackmailed the townspeople into supplying provender. There was little sorrow when *Rose* was sunk in Savannah harbor, although Rhode Islanders were later to provide the funds to have a replica built. History is forgiving.

THE smallest American state was also the earliest to break away from the crown, the state assembly renouncing its allegiance to George III two months before the colonies declared their independence. The colony was born of Roger Williams tradition of religious liberty, a heritage that ignited incidents as early as 1764. British sailors and Newport citizens fought a pitched battle with swords and clubs, the home side seizing a fort and turning the guns on H.M.S. *Squirrel*. The British, as they were to do again in 1812, were impressing sailors from Newport into His Majesty's Navy. A year after the *Squirrel* incident, a mob from the city took a boat from H.M.S. *Maidstone* and burned it, a similar fate, four years later, for a sloop from the *Liberty*.

Finally H.M.S. *Rose* put in. It was 1774. Two years later a large force of Hessians and British troops were put ashore. Three years after that, following assorted skirmishes, the British decamped, marching south to reinforce New York. The next year, the French, now fully in the war, landed 5,000 troops under Count de Rochambeau, part of the force that eventually was to march on to Yorktown and victory over Cornwallis.

The doughty insurgence of Rhode Island came a full century after Roger Williams had sailed to America, consumed with fervent belief in freedom of conscience and religion. He held out the claim that the Indians were the rightful owners of the land, pronouncements that were to invite his expulsion from the Massachusetts Bay Colony. He arrived in Narragansett Bay in January of 1635. Charles II gave him a liberal charter in 1663 under which the colony was permitted to enact its own laws. Religious freedom was guaranteed.

News of Williams's free colony was carried to the West Indies by traders, and in 1658 the first group of Sephardic Jews from Spain and Portugal arrived in Newport. They were the nucleus of the Touro Synagogue, which was to be dedicated in 1763, Rev. Isaac Touro presiding.

Yet, despite the heritage for freedom established by Williams, Newport became rich in the three-cornered trading between the West Indies and West Africa, dealing in rum, molasses, and slaves. It was this very iniquitous aberration by a state born in freedom and liberty that, at the insistence of South Carolina, was to keep an antislavery platform out of the Declaration of Independence.

Thus the richness and the concomitant gentility for which Newport established so early and so widespread a reputation was, for a part, anyway, based on distilling rum and running slaves. There were twenty-two distilleries in the city that was the home port for nearly threescore vessels engaged in the slave trade. The British occupation was the beginning of the run downhill. Newport never regained its position of eminence, at least as a seaport, although its refined ways and gentle airs survived through the centuries.

New generations of Southern planters came in summer, and before the War Between the States, as before the war of the Revolution, Newport was the vortex of a summer social swirl, attracting the wealthy of the entire Atlantic seaboard. Pierre Lorillard (tobacco) built a splendid brick-and-frame house in 1877 not unlike the manor house that Thomas Edison bought in New Jersey and Teddy Roosevelt's sprawling home at Oyster Bay. It was unveiled complete with a caretaker's house and stables, and it was called The Breakers.

Cornelius Vanderbilt bought the Loril-

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lard place and when it burned, he hired Richard Morris Hunt, a society favorite, to build a renaissance palace. Hunt's showpieces in Newport include Oliver Belmont's Belcourt, George Peabody Wetmore's Château-sur-Mer, and William K. Vanderbilt's Marble House. The palace for Cornelius, called The Breakers, outdid them all, perhaps even Biltmore, built for his brother George at Asheville, N.C. The state dining room of The Breakers, lined with marble columns, soars forty-five feet high and seats thirty-four at table. Built in two years, from 1893 to 1895, The Breakers sports a billiard room with marble walls and a mosaic floor, a kitchen with as much square footage as an ordinary modest house. In its days of sparkle, thirty to forty servants were needed to crank it up. Now 300,000 visitors tramp its halls every year.

AFTER World War II the Preservation Society was formed to supervise and maintain seven mansions and a garden. All except Hunter House were choice pieces of Newport's grand renaissance at the turn of the century when it flowered once more in stunning opulence never before conceived in America. The evidences of that time have become, as has Newport, showpieces. The mansions are strung out in the environs off Bellevue Avenue, their pebbled driveways clogged now with tour buses.

Some of the stately homes have been divided into apartments and survive not as museums but as compartmentalized dwellings for a less opulent society. There are Vanderbilts who still come and the Auchinclosses and the gentry in government—Senator Claiborne Pell and Ambassador Wiley Buchanan. Jacqueline Bouvier married Jack Kennedy, the senator from Massachusetts, at St. Mary's Church, and later, when he became President, Hammersmith Farm, the Auchincloss home, was the summer White House.

The tall ships were at Newport this summer as a reminder of the days when Newport Harbor was a funnel of riches and importance. And Queen Elizabeth came to dedicate a square, bringing at once a fleeting recollection of Newport in revolt against her forebears and a reassurance of Newport's accepted social station in the cultivated salons of Europe. For a grande dame, Newport seemed spritely as a belle, even attractive to suitors, brimming with its wit of maturity and the memory of years it would be indelicate to count. ◉

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World Progress Report

Do-It-Yourself Housing

The trouble with the average new American house is that, with a price tag close to $40,000, the average American can't afford to buy one. The solution to this dilemma, says the Shelter Institute, in Bath, Maine, is for would-be homeowners to design and build their own.

The institute grew out of a Bowdoin College seminar on home construction taught by Charles Wing, an MIT-trained physicist and NASA consultant. Wing joined forces with John Cole, editor of the *Maine Times*, and Pat Hennin, an ex-lawyer preoccupied with the idea of designing an "environmentally conscious" house. "Our society needs small, inexpensive places to live," says Hennin, "but bureaucratic regulations make it almost impossible to get them built within the current delivery system. The obvious answer is for people to build them themselves."

The institute offers a basic $250, sixty-hour beginners course, crammed into three weeks during the summer and spread out over fifteen weeks in the winter. Starting from absolute scratch for students who don't know a post from a lintel or which end of a hammer is which, the institute initiates its neophytes into the fundamental mysteries of design and construction. The graduates are turned out to sink or swim, acting as their own architects, contractors, and carpenters. Since the Shelter Institute set up shop two years ago, more than 600 students, ranging from a fifty-year-old woman to a pair of high-school students, have enlisted for the basic training; graduates have built more than eighty new houses in the Bath area alone.

By following the institute's precepts and conscripting friends, relatives, and fellow students as free labor, graduates have been able to build handsome 1,500-square-foot houses for $10,000 or even less. Institute enthusiasts insist that the results are not only much cheaper than conventional houses but better as well.

Instead of a concrete slab or excavated foundation, the typical Shelter Institute structure rests on pilings made of telephone poles, which are reported to resist decay for fifty years. Framing, walls, and shelves are of rough-sawed timber instead of finished wood. Because of the attention paid to siting, window design and placement, and insulation, a wood-burning stove suffices to heat the house, even through a Maine winter.

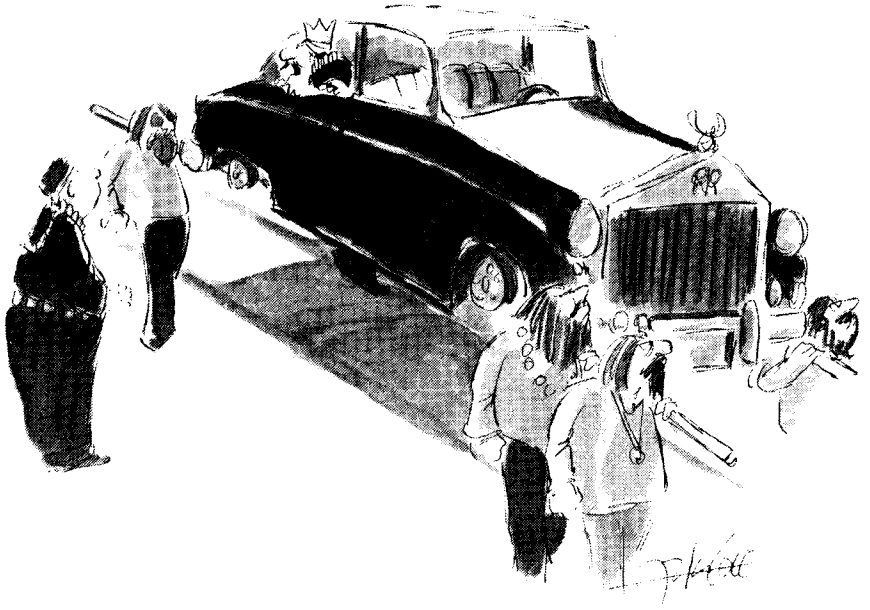
"The guts of what we do at the institute is design," says founder Hennin. "We give people the tools and the information they need to design their own houses, in whatever way makes sense for them. And when they sit down and figure it all out for themselves, they come up with masterpieces."

Forever Farmland

New York's Suffolk County, which includes the still-rural remnants of eastern Long Island, has adopted a novel strategy to fend off rampaging real-estate developers. Under its new Farm Lands Acquisition Program, the county has committed an initial $21 million to keep pastoral property from development into small-lot suburban homes and second-home estates.

Instead of buying up desirable farmland outright, however, the county will offer farmers 80 percent of the land's total market value in exchange for the "development rights"—the prerogative to turn the farmland to more lucrative uses. The sellers will retain abbreviated title to their land, including the right to farm it or let it go fallow, but they will no longer have the option of using it or selling it for non-farm development.

The county has immediate plans to buy the development rights to some 3,800 choice acres. By 1979 about 15,000 acres are scheduled for protection under the program. County Supervisor John V. N. Klein, who conceived the plan and fought it through the legislature for four years, hopes eventually to save half of the county's 60,000 acres of farmland. Other state and local governments, many of which have tried with only modest success to preserve farmlands through special zoning and preferential taxation, are watching Suffolk County's program with interest.



"I think we have a little misunderstanding here. I said 'radials,' not 'radicals'!"

Saving Babies

A husband-and-wife medical team in West Germany has invented a device that promises to reduce the number of birth defects caused by abnormal oxygen levels in prenatal and newborn infants. Too little oxygen at this critical stage is a major cause of brain damage, mental retardation, and cerebral palsy, while an overdose of oxygen can result in blindness.

The new device continuously monitors the level of oxygen in the blood by measuring the amount of oxygen at the surface of the skin through a small sensor attached to the body, much like the sensors for an electrocardiogram. The inventors, Dr. Albert Huch, an obstetrician whose hobby is electronics, and his wife, Dr. Renate Huch, a physiologist, have even been able to attach the device to the scalp of an infant several hours before birth.

The Huch device, which costs about $1,000 (the first experimental models are hand made), is currently being tested at selected hospitals around the world, including Babies Hospital and Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center, in New York, and the University of California San Francisco Medical Center.

—ANTHONY WOLFF

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Top of My Head

The Importance of Money

by Goodman Ace

I AM going to tell you two true, riveting stories about money. The first involves $30,000; the second, a pitiful $300. Chicken feed, which Jane Ace used to describe on radio as "a poultry few dollars."

But first I want to quote an old saying I made up: "It is not whether you win or lose, it's how much." This lofty, paraphrased axiom has been narrowly heralded by a few deep thinkers, but it is widely accepted as the rule of thumb by newspaper editors when reporting and positioning news stories about money. A multimillion-dollar story runs on page one, continued on page twenty-seven or twenty-eight. Stories involving less money begin and end in a few short paragraphs on page twenty-eight or twenty-nine.

But this rule was suspended in a news report about a $30,000 deal that I found deep inside *The New York Times* while a $300 story made big headlines on page one for about a week.

Even if you are not a baseball fan, I promise you won't be turned off by the story of George Labron, a young third baseman who was handed a $30,000 bonus to sign a contract to play with the Philadelphia ball club. In my life-style (in *my* league), $30,000 is big money, especially when I learned in *The Times* story that our hero signed the contract two years ago, when he was fourteen years old. How does that grab you?

Okay? So the boy pocketed the thirty grand, signed the contract, and was sent, with high hopes, to the Philly farm club in Auburn, N.Y.,to develop. Described by scouts as having a tremendous throwing arm, great speed, and a batting average of .280, George has, at age sixteen, developed "large, heavy legs," the Auburn manager reports.

The manager goes on to say that because of his large, heavy legs, "George isn't running well at all. He doesn't have a third baseman's range and can't move quickly from his left to his right, and that has us all concerned."

And then he concluded, almost accusingly, "He is turning into a man."

And there you have the sad story of young Labron, who, according to baseball's chilling actuaries, is a man of sixteen ready for retirement, charged with having in his possession "heavy legs." In baseball you can get away with a few infirmities, but heavy legs is not one of them. Or are not two of them.

I can see it all now—retirement for George to a Florida condominium, plodding slowly around his shuffleboard on his heavy legs.

At age sixteen, George has forty-nine years to wait for his first Social Security check. But he can supplement this with weekly unemployment checks for the next forty-nine years.

Of course this is not the last we'll see of George. For the next forty-nine years, he'll be showing up at ball parks around the country on Old-timers' Day.

Big baseball bonuses have their built-in occupational hazards. For George, running the bases with $30,000 stuffed into his uniform must have been torture.

However, as the years roll by, George may tire of retirement. He would do well to consider a new line of business. Politics, for instance. He might one day run (slowly) for Vice-President. In politics, despite his manager's criticism, George would find it much easier to make that quick move from his left to his right. Ask any Senator Schweiker.

THE second money story concerns Clarence Kelley, the new, reputable director of the FBI. It alleged that Kelley had used the FBI carpenters to perform a "personal services" job in his home. And I thought, *Uh-huh, here we go again.* But the story developed that the carpenters were used to install valances in two windows of Kelley's home, a job that would come to about $300.

That's one-tenth of the $30,000 story inside *The Times*, but it got ten times the headlines in all papers across the nation, plus prime-time TV. The media tried their best to whip up a tasty steak *minute* out of testy stale minutiae, but the readers and viewers refused to swallow it. After a few days that blue plate special disappeared from the menu.

Three-hundred-dollar scandals are a dime a dozen, especially when there is no scandal. If you've ever phoned for a TV or air-conditioner repairman to come and fix your machine, you can visualize, along with me, what most likely happened when Kelley let his fingers walk through the Yellow Pages, looking under "carpenters" and "valances," and got the usual runaround.

When they heard about it at the FBI office—FBI men hear everything, you know—they kindly and supportively sent over a couple of FBI carpenters to do the job.

You will have to agree that's a tremendous improvement over the White House plumbers. ◉

Reprinted from *SR* 1-5-57 *Through History with J. Wesley Smith*

"Stop making promises—you're already elected."

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Manner of Speaking

Some Limerick Oysters

by John Ciardi

There was a young lady named Jo
Who always said, "Thank you, but no."
  Which is poised and polite
  But never does quite
As well as "Sure, Buster, let's go."

There was a young toper named Reg
Who woke feeling rather on edge.
  He thought he saw snakes.
  It fair gave him the shakes.
He half wished he'd taken the pledge.

There was a young fellow from Kent
Who drank till he grew redolent.
  He wasn't so rank
  You could quite say he stank,
But downwind he gave off quite a scent.

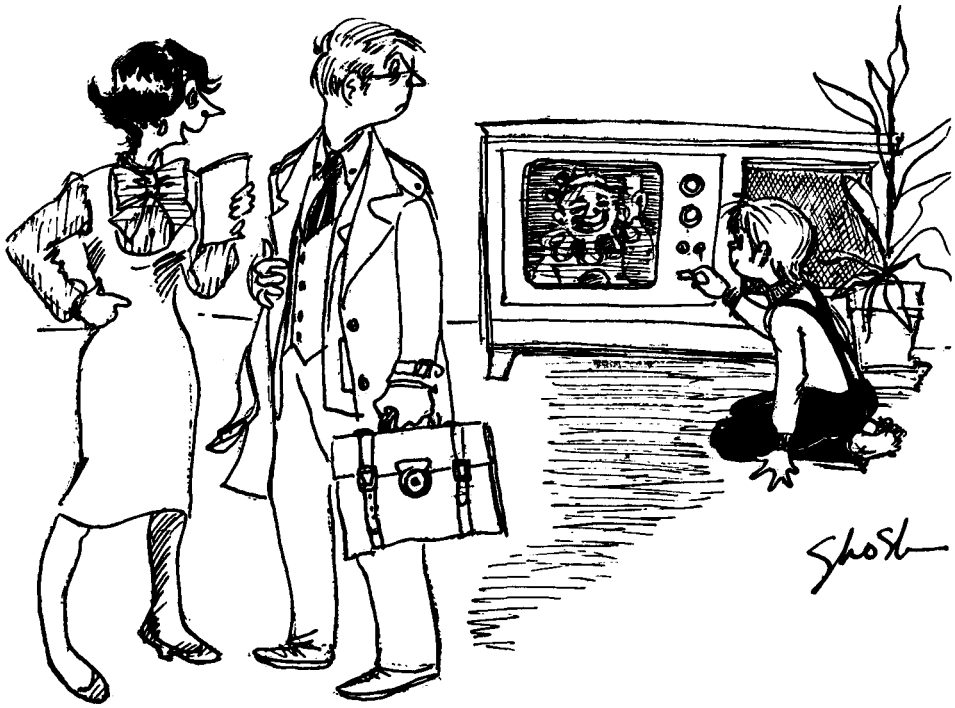
There was a young husband named Guido
Who went second class by *rapido*
  From Rome to Ostend
  To surprise his best friend
And his wife *in flagrante libido*.

There was a young man from Belle Isle
Who said to his girl, "If you'll, I'll."
  "With pleasure," said she,
  "But first I must see
How you look as I walk down the aisle."

There was a young lady who wouldn't.
Her mother had told her she shouldn't.
  When dear Mama died,
  She felt free, so she tried,
But by then she was so old she couldn't.

An ill-advised salesman named Wade
Made a stop in Kentucky and played
  With a girl in the hay
  Till he heard someone say,
"Step aside, sis," and "Mister, youah daid."

There once was a lady named Billy
Who wandered through life willy-nilly,
  In aimless affairs
  With chance millionaires
Whose largess made marriage look silly.



"Eric says he's been appointed media analyst for the third grade, specializing in non-public programming!"

Here lies an old stinker from Stoneham.
I can't say I'm glad to have known 'im.
  He was filthy, a cheat,
  A rat fink, a deadbeat,
But *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

A pointless old miser named Quince
Spent a lifetime in skinning his flints.
  When the last flint was skun
  He said, "Well, that's done."
And dropped dead, which he's been ever since.

There was a young lady of Mass.
Rather lacking, we all thought, in class.
  She would stroll Boston Common
  And wherever she saw men,
She'd whisper, "Please, sir, make a pass."

There was a young fellow named Shear
Who stuck a ball-point in his ear.
  As he punctured the drum
  He said, "That hurts some,
But the rest of the way through is clear."

There's a poor teenybopper in Wichita
Whose parents do nothing but bitchita.
  They want her to wait
  For a good, proper mate,
But how can she when she's all atwichchita?

There was a young lady named Wright
Who simply could not sleep at night
  Because of the ping-
  Ping-ping of her spring
And the glare of her little red light.

There was an old geezer from Keene
Who dropped dead betwixt and between
  Two bundles of hay
  On each of which lay
What New Hampshire men call a "sireen."

There once was a girl from Haw Creek
Whose virtue left something to seek.
  The local boys sought it.
  And most of them bought it.
Though some only came to peek. ◉

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 110

Brooks McNamara:
Step Right Up

"I am the High-German Doctor," announced one mountebank, "who, by the blessing of Aesculapius on his great Pains, Travels and Nocturnal Lucubrations, has attained to a greater share of knowledge than any person before him was ever known to do."

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Light Refractions

Foods and Words, Funny and Serious

by Thomas H. Middleton

HOWARD FAST, who is certainly one of our most prolific writers of high-quality fiction, is probably best known for his *Citizen Tom Paine*, *Freedom Road*, and *Spartacus*. He won a well-deserved Emmy for his segment of the "Benjamin Franklin Trilogy," which appeared on TV a couple of years ago. His most recent novel is, I believe, *The Hessian*, a superb story of the American Revolution. His most recent book is *Of Time and the Riddle*, which he calls "a collection of Zen short stories." They're kinky and brilliant.

Now I feel a little like the toastmaster who gives the life history of "the man who," he has just said, "needs no introduction." But I didn't want to just say, "Howard Fast phoned me." I want you to know that *the* Howard Fast phoned me. He called shortly after the Democratic convention ended, and he asked me if I'd given any thought to the implications of "the peanut farmer." I didn't see quite what he was driving at, so he went on. "They're belittling Jimmy Carter as 'a peanut farmer,' " he said. "If Carter grew wheat or corn or barley, they wouldn't be sneering at 'the wheat farmer' or 'the corn farmer' or 'the barley farmer.' The point is that peanuts are funny." He went on to say that some foods are funny and others are not. He said he thought it might make an interesting column. We had a great time chatting about chopped liver (funny) and beef (not funny), herring (funny) and salmon (absolutely serious), and so on.

What makes peanuts funnier than, say, walnuts? All we can do is theorize, but I'd say there are several things about peanuts that make them funnier than walnuts. One is their shape. Peanuts are funny-looking. Another thing is their price. As far as I know, they're the cheapest nuts around, so when somebody earns very little, we say he's working for peanuts. And the word "peanut" is somehow funny, which must be one of several reasons Charles Schulz chose that name for the saga of Charlie Brown, Snoopy, Lucy, Linus, and the rest.

Speaking of funny words but not necessarily of funny foods, Neil Simon has Willie Clark, the old vaudeville comic in *The Sunshine Boys*, explain to his nephew that "words with a *k* in them are funny. If it doesn't have a *k*, it's not funny. . . . I'll tell you which words always get a laugh. . . . 'Chicken' is funny. . . . 'Pickle' is funny. . . . 'Cupcake' is funny. . . . 'Tomato' is *not* funny. . . . 'Roast beef' is *not* funny. . . . But 'cookie' is funny. . . . 'Cucumber' is funny. . . . 'Car keys' is funny. . . . 'Cleveland' is funny. . . . 'Maryland' is *not* funny." "Cucumber" and "Cleveland" tip us off that he's not talking about *k* literally but the sound of *k*.

When I first heard that dialogue, I thought of Don Rickles, whose most common put-down seems to be to call someone a "hockey puck"; and it gets a laugh.

The idea of a hockey puck is not funny. A hockey puck is a disk of hard rubber. If Rickles said, "Ya hard-rubber disk!" it wouldn't raise even a smile.

The *k*'s in "hockey puck" probably *do* have something to do with the laughs. "Cockeyed," "cockamamy," and "cuckoo" also come to mind. Still, the Willie Clark theory isn't altogether valid. If it were, "pike" would be a funny food—funnier, certainly, than "herring."

Of course, I'm not entirely sure that pike *isn't* funny to most people. I'm prejudiced. When I was about seven years old, I was fishing from a rowboat, and I caught a pike. Up to that moment, I think I'd specialized in sunfish, and I suddenly learned that a fish could have a mouth like a pair of huge long-nose pliers loaded with murderous teeth. And I was in the same rowboat with this snapping, snarling, voracious man-eater. I don't know how we got him off my hook, but I know I had nothing whatever to do with it.

As far as I'm concerned, "pike" will never be funny.

Willie Clark says "chicken" is funny. Well, maybe. But "capon" isn't funny. My mother used to tell a story about herself as a fairly new bride. She asked the butcher for a capon and added, "Not a tough one, now—I want a nice *hen* capon." The butcher, God bless him, just blushed and stammered something like, "Don't worry, I'll find a nice hender ten."

That's the only thing I know that's funny about a capon, *k* sound or no *k* sound.

Howard, I'm afraid I've wandered a bit from our basic discussion of funny and unfunny foods, but I think it's true that there are such things. "Ham and eggs," "bagels and lox," "peas and rice," "bangers and mash," "corned beef and cabbage," "herring," "mackerel," "pork chops," and "grits" can all be funny given the proper presentation, but "salmon," "trout," and "standing rib roast" can knock themselves out for a laugh and they will never get a chuckle.

Back to "peanuts." If "peanuts" is funny and if there's any validity to the Willie Clark *k* theory, imagine what a riot "peanuts" must be in France. "*Cacahouètes*" should bring the house down. ◉

"On second thought, Master Gutenberg, I think I'll wait for the paperback."

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Dance *from page 50*

folios of photographs of Nijinsky will find himself startled again and again as Lang relives the motivations for the poses. The actor, I hasten to add, does not simply reproduce famous poses, rather does he move in and out of familiar body positions as his words provide parallel images.

Stephen Lang's acting, memorable as it is, grows out of the concept and the structure of a remarkable play, a play that is almost choreographed, even if it is not danced. Just as Martha Graham, in several of her major dance works, distills long passages of time into an instant of action, so does Crane, the playwright, condense both time and place-to-place travels into sharp, clear, and powerful vignettes, such as the device of using queries at the box office to tell succinctly of Nijinsky's succession of new triumphs in new roles in city after city or the briefest of conversations by a ship's rail during the long, long voyage to South America when Romola literally lay in wait for Nijinsky, captured him, married him (soon after they arrived), and heralded the end of a career unequaled in the history of dance.

Beautiful and imaginative also is the introduction of the first ballet Nijinsky choreographed, *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune*. In his script the playwright has one of the characters (a girl) describe it as if it were just happening. Sheffer, the director, has the girl herself move into the key positions of the Faun (a sequence obviously plotted by Youskevitch, who included the Faun among his own most celebrated roles) as she speaks the words. A male enacts a nymph in yet another of the playwright's comments on Nijinsky's androgynous qualities as a dancer in certain roles.

Throughout the course of the play, the writer and the director avoid *reproducing* ballets or imitating dancers. Instead, Crane has found words that are eloquent in their description of action, and Sheffer has used movement, often stylized but rooted in reality, as a continuing commentary on the chronological study of a genius on the road from a youth teased for his dumbness by his fellows—"I am always lonely when I am surrounded by people"—to his final escape from people—"I'm never lonely when I'm on my own."

I never saw Nijinsky dance. He had retreated into—or ascended to—madness before I knew dance existed. Through existing photographs, many of remarkable beauty, I have caught glimpses of him. But in Richard Crane's play *Clownmaker* and especially in the magically inspired performance by Stephen Lang, actor, I felt that I had at last seen Nijinsky. ◉

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MOVING TO CLEVELAND? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, attractive integrated neighborhoods. Shaker Heights Housing Office, 3880 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. (216) 751-2155.

NYC WILDERNESS HIDEAWAY. Enchanting, small home amidst unbelievable forest panorama, on Staten Island. Sixty minutes from Manhattan. $40's. Brochure from owner. DUMA, Box 179, Staten Island, N.Y. 10312.

PROPERTY AVAILABLE

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . FROM $7.50 ACRE! Homesites, farming, vacationing, investment opportunities! "Government Land Buyer's Guide" plus nationwide listings—$2.00. SURPLUS LANDS, Box 19107-MV, Washington, D.C. 20036.

BIG . . . FREE . . . CATALOGUE! 256 pages! Over 2,600 top values coast to coast! UNITED FARM AGENCY, 612-UR West 47th, Kansas City, Mo. 64112.

VERMONT—Dream Farm For Rent. Your own 220 acres to walk on—your own river to fish in—splendid view on green mountain—20 minute drive from best ski resorts—close to Middlebury. Completely renovated house kept in original style, open fireplace—all modern facilities. All land cared for local farmer. Caretaker family living 200 yards from main house. Leasing 1-5 years furnished or unfurnished $650 month. Option to buy. Please contact Miss Barbara. (212) 425-5111.

HILLY WOODLAND, BROOKS, POND—Seeking two families to share six homesites on 60-acre nature reserve with deep 8-acre pond, surrounded by Quabbin State Forest near historic Petersham, Massachusetts. Details from: DeVore, Anthropology, Harvard, Cambridge 02138.

BERMUDA—Purchase or rental of Bermuda homes write Colin Anderson, Kitson & Co., P.O. Box 449, Bermuda. Phone 5-2525.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS—VIRGIN GORDA. 5-acre estate with 1000' waterfrontage, beach and jetty. Complete privacy. Approached only from the water. Ideal for group ownership or holiday rental investment. Facilities include: main house; beach house; cottage; with sites for additional homes. The area offers the finest sailing and water sports in the Caribbean. Price: $175,000. SMITHS GORE (OVERSEAS), Road Town, Tortola, B.V.I. New York representative: R. W. McANANEY, 380 North Broadway, Jericho, N.Y. 11753. Telephone (516) 822-0361.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT—$10,000-$50,000+. Free Information! Employment International, Box 29217-MV, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

OVERSEAS JOBS—Now hiring, 103 countries, all occupations, high pay, free transportation, tax benefits, latest computerized reports—$2.00. TRANSWORLD, International Airport, Box 90802-W, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

EMPLOYMENT!!! U.S.!! Foreign! Skilled, Unskilled, Equal Opportunity. All Fields. Directory, Application, Resume Instructions $3.00. National Information, Department 201, 422 Washington Building, Washington, D.C. 20005.

WORK OVERSEAS. Australia, Africa, South America, Europe, etc. Construction, Sales, Engineers, Clerical, etc. $8000 to $50,000+. Expenses paid. For employment information write: Overseas Employment, Box 1011-J. Boston, Mass. 02103.

EDUCATORS: Openings nationwide. Oxford Associates, Box 5529W, Washington, DC 20016.

JOBS ON SHIPS! Men-Women. American, Foreign. Worldwide travel. No experience necessary. Guide $3. Seafax, Dept. W-10, Box 2049, Port Angeles, Wash. 98262.

OVERSEAS—ALL OCCUPATIONS! Worldwide Directory and complete information—$2.00. Opportunities, Box 19107-MV, Washington, D.C. 20036.

TEACHER VACANCIES, 60+ pages monthly, $16.00/four months, $6.00/month. Complete information, $1.00, refunded if you're not interested. TEACHER INFORMATION EXCHANGE, Box 306-SR, Bainbridge Island, Wash. 98110.

LEADERS NEEDED for summer bicycle-camping trips for teenagers. Our trips provide unique structure for working with kids. Applicants must be 21 or older. Write or call Student Hosteling Program of New England, Rochester, Vt. 05767. (802) 767-3297.

LEAD SMALL STUDENT GROUP ABROAD, summer or semester. Expenses plus honorarium. Focus on cross-cultural learning, 30 country choices. Appropriate language fluency, demonstrated leadership ability required. The Experiment, 10 Kipling Road, Brattleboro, Vt. 05301.

VOLUNTEER PEACE CORPS. Math/science, agriculture, engineering, planning, business administration, accounting, nursing degrees needed for Peace Corps projects in Africa, Latin America, Asia, the Pacific. French or Spanish desirable. Expenses paid: travel, medical, vacation and living. U.S. citizens, singles or couples only. Information: Cynthia Poindexter, ACTION, Box P-11, Washington, D.C. 20525.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES — Independent schools, all states; public schools, northeastern states; experienced or beginners with potential, independent school background desirable; basic subjects, especially sciences, languages, math, business managers, fund raisers. SCHOOL SERVICE BUREAU, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut 06095.

TEACHERS — ADMINISTRATORS. Current school, college opening list in U.S. $5.95; abroad $5.95; principal, headmaster openings $4.95; library openings $4.95. Leading placement sources U.S. $3.95; foreign $4.95. EIS, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162.

WANTED: Person, shining armor, mechanically inclined, green thumb, assist farm to fight suburbia. North Shore, Long Island, N.Y. SR Box 2116.

AUSTRALIA—NEW ZEALAND WANT YOU!!! 50,000 jobs! Paid transportation! Latest information and forms. $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-W, Long Beach, Calif. 90803.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

HOW TO MAKE MONEY writing short paragraphs. Information free. Barrett, Dept. C-310-T, 6216 N. Clark, Chicago, 60660.

MISEMPLOYED? Start a successful used bookstore! Details, SR Box 1009.

Answer to *Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 71* (see page 31): The more parking spaces you provide, the more cars will come to fill them. It is like feeding pigeons. —Hugh Casson

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Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 B	2 C	3 R	4 U		5 A	6 H	7 T	8 Z	9 D	10 X		11 K	12 M	13 Q	14 H	15 J		16 U	17 G		18 E	19 O	20 F	21 P	22 B		23 D	24 N	25 X		26 L	27 G	28 Z
29 N		30 C	31 G	32 F	33 M	34 X	35 J	36 T		37 D	38 K	39 E	40 X		41 B	42 H		43 E	44 R	45 J		46 H	47 M	48 U	49 D	50 L	51 X		52 B	53 M	54 K	55 L	56 V
57 A	58 R	59 N	60 F	61 T	62 E		63 N	64 X	65 Y	66 J	67 I	68 O	69 H	70 P		71 U	72 H		73 B	74 V	75 K		76 G	77 C	78 R	79 M	80 Y		81 S	82 M	83 N	84 V	85 F
	86 E	87 X		88 K	89 D	90 H	91 O	92 I		93 X	94 N	95 I	96 G		97 Z	98 N	99 A	100 C	101 B		102 F	103 S		104 F	105 T	106 O	107 V	108 E		109 R	110 I	111 A	112 Y
	113 B	114 Q	115 U		116 Q	117 Y	118 K	119 M		120 F	121 R	122 L	123 X	124 V	125 Z		126 C	127 R	128 V	129 N		130 G	131 Z	132 Q		133 W	134 L	135 E	136 T		137 D	138 W	139 I
140 P	141 X	142 F	143 T	144 B	145 K		146 C	147 W		148 Q	149 S	150 X	151 O		152 W	153 T	154 V	155 G	156 H	157 D		158 P	159 B	160 Y		161 A	162 O	163 C	164 Z	165 V	166 H	167 U	168 T
169 X		170 Z		171 L	172 N	173 F	174 H	175 A	176 P	177 D	178 Y		179 C	180 W	181 K	182 M																	

Number 111

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Jerk rapidly	5 57 99 111 161 175
B. Emphasize, make prominent	22 41 101 113 144 159 1 52 73
C. "Those bricky towers,/ The which _____ broad aged back do ride" (2 wds.; Spenser, *Prothalamion*)	77 100 126 146 163 179 2 30
D. Abuse	49 89 137 157 177 9 23 37
E. Undertaking, endeavor	39 62 86 108 135 18 43
F. Capital of Baden-Württemberg, West Germany	85 102 142 173 20 60 104 120 32
G. Dates, courts (2 wds.)	155 17 31 96 76 114 130 27
H. Extemporaneous (3 wds.)	69 166 46 90 156 14 174 6 72 42
I. Place from which gold, precious stones, and almug trees were brought to Solomon (I Kings 10:11)	95 67 92 110 139
J. Judge, think	15 35 45 66
K. Heat content, total heat	75 118 181 38 54 11 88 145
L. Give up, relinquish; empty	55 122 171 134 26 50

CLUES	WORDS
M. Whiten by excluding light	119 182 12 47 79 82 33 53
N. 1939 Garbo film	24 59 83 98 29 63 94 129 172
O. *Book of Changes* (2 wds.)	19 91 162 68 151 106
P. Position suitable for a person or thing	70 140 21 158 176
Q. Carnival performer who performs sensationally morbid acts	116 132 148 13
R. 1872 Samuel Butler novel	58 78 121 109 44 127 3
S. Pledge	149 103 81
T. Conceal	136 7 143 61 105 153 168 36
U. Far	48 4 115 71 16 167
V. Fresh, vigorous	56 128 107 84 74 165 154 124
W. Light brown, as of undyed wool	152 147 180 133 138
X. Transmundane, transcendental	141 40 64 150 169 93 87 51 34 25 123 10
Y. Throws violently	80 65 160 112 117 178
Z. "Get thee to _____; fetch me a stoup of liquor" (*Hamlet*)	125 28 164 97 131 170 8

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 110* appears on page 58.

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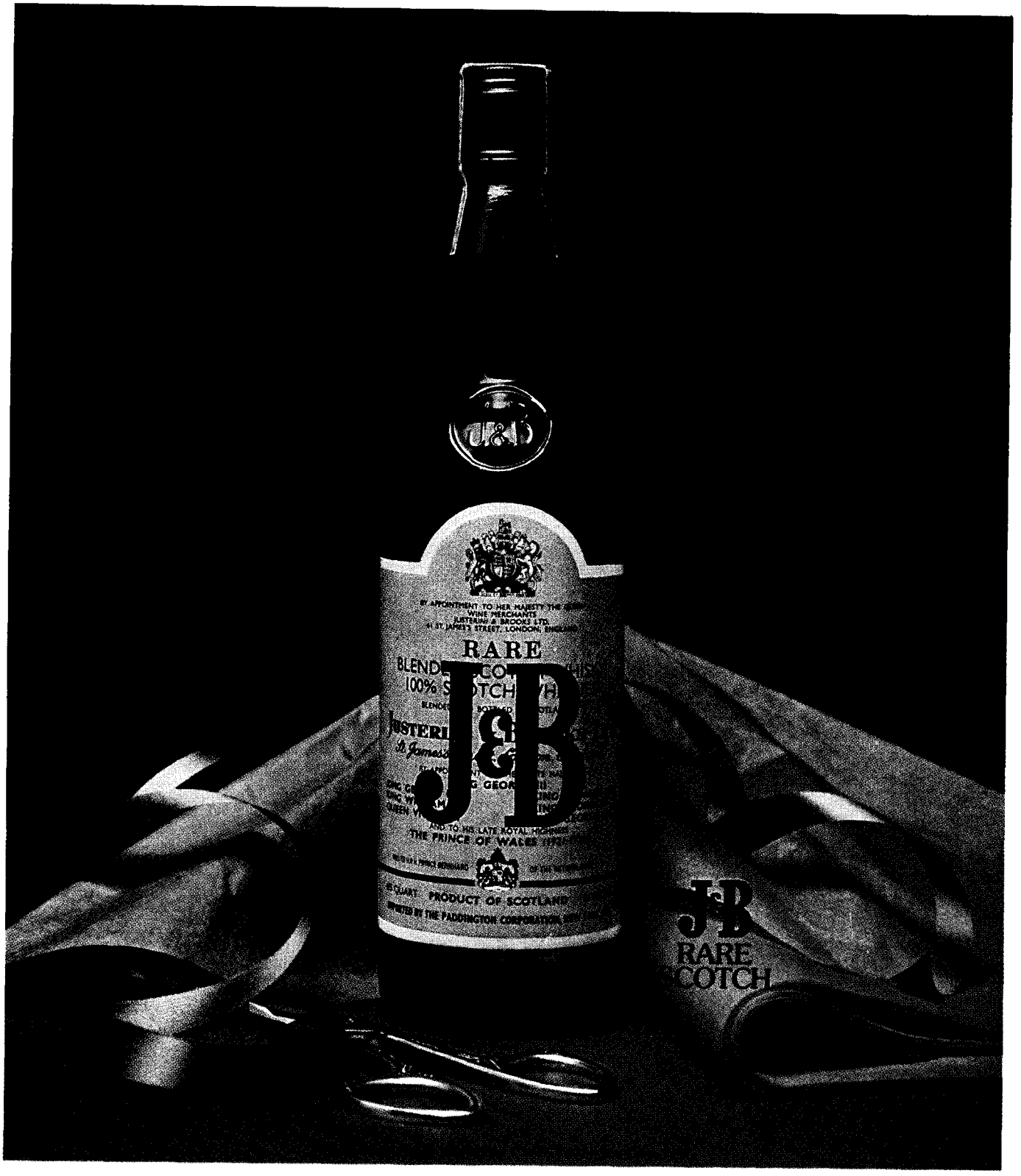
A rare way to celebrate Thanksgiving: the rare taste of J&B.



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Merit Cigarette Sets New Taste Standard.

'Enriched Flavor'™ breakthrough brings unprecedented taste to low tar smoking.

Today there's a way to get real taste from a cigarette without high tar.

That's the report on a new taste discovery called 'Enriched Flavor.' *A way to pack flavor—extra flavor—into tobacco without the usual corresponding increase in tar.*

The cigarette packed with 'Enriched Flavor' is remarkable new Merit.

And in tests involving thousands of smokers of filter cigarettes, the majority reported Merit delivered more taste than five current leading low tar cigarettes having all the way up to 60% more tar.

MERIT and MERIT MENTHOL

Repeat: delivered more taste.

In similar tests against 11 mg. to 15 mg. menthol brands, Merit Menthol was reported to deliver as much—*or more*—taste than the higher tar brands tested.

You've been smoking "low tar, good taste" claims long enough.

Now smoke the cigarette. Merit.

Unprecedented flavor at 9 mg. tar.

One of the lowest tar levels in smoking today.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1976

9 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT

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